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RUSSIA AND BULGARIA.

IT is satisfactory to read in the latest telegrams from St. Petersburg that "the failure of General KAULBARS's mission is no longer disguised" by the Russian journals. The form of the statement appears, it is true, to imply that the Russian journals might have pretended, if they had chosen, that General KAULBARS's mission was a success; and, familiar as we are with the daring and ingenuity of the St. Petersburg press and those who manage it, we cannot help wondering a little how, in the circumstances, they would have contrived to make out that the CZAR's envoy had accomplished the purpose with which he set out. One of the principal and most peremptory of his demands was, as we all remember, that the elections should not be held at all for the present; and the fact that they have taken place on the appointed day, for all the world as though General KAULBARS had never interested himself in the matter, would, to begin with, be a somewhat staggering blow to the theory of his success. But the Bulgarian Government have not contented themselves with holding the elections on the day appointed, they have been contumacious enough to obtain an overwhelming vote in their favour from the Bulgarian people. It was commonly expected that last Sunday's polls would give them a considerable majority, but no one was prepared for quite so decisive an assertion of national independence as has, in fact, been pronounced. Judging by the returns at present reported, it would seem that something like eleven out of every twelve Bulgarians prefer supporting their Government in their opposition to Russian demands to submitting themselves helplessly to the domination of Russia. For this result no doubt the CZAR is very largely indebted to General KAULBARS himself. From the moment of that officer's arrival in Bulgaria, it became apparent that the Bulgarians were not to be bullied, and whereas by changing his tactics at a sufficiently early period of the mission he might possibly have succeeded in conciliating a certain proportion of waverers, his bluster has simply had the effect of disgusting all the moderately pro-Russian politicians in the Principality, and driving them into alliance with the party whose political reason of existence depends on their being able to oppose a bold front to the encroachments of Russia. It is, indeed, difficult to say what might or might not have been done by judicious handling of an impulsive people like the Bulgarians. The reproaches levelled against their so-called ingratitude by the one Russian organ in the English press are of course absurd. The late CZAR of Russia may in one sense of the word have liberated Bulgaria; that is to say, he set her free from the rule of the Turk. But notoriously he aimed at bringing the province as closely as possible under the control and direction of the Russian Government, and that Government cannot give liberty to any community, for the best of all reasons—that it has no such boon to bestow.

The question, however, as to the attitude which it morally becomes Bulgaria to assume towards her Imperial patron is one of purely academical interest. International law makes no provision for the enforcement of the moral virtues; and, if the CZAR had ten times as much claim to the gratitude of the Bulgarians as we believe him to have, it would not give him one whit better right to acquire, or, if his apologists prefer to say so, to recover, the monopoly of influence which he exercised in the Principality before its late ruler's *coup d'état*. Even Prince BISMARCK, assuming him to have

stretched his complaisance to the point of acknowledging, as he is said to have done, that Russia is legitimately entitled to the position which General KAULBARS so arrogantly claims for her, must at least be also assumed to limit this recognition of Russian title by the proviso that it must be made good by diplomatic, or at any rate pacific, means alone. He can hardly have gone or be willing to go the length of the admission that, if Bulgaria demands to be made mistress in her own house, the CZAR's administrators may break into it by force and arms in order to resume the control of it and to issue orders as formerly with respect to the management of its internal affairs. This, however, would seem HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY's only alternative to the acceptance of a defeat humiliating at any time, and gratuitously rendered more so in this case by the impotent swagger of his envoy. Or so, at least, it seems to those who survey the situation from the practical point of view. Theoretically, no doubt, there is yet another course open to Russia, and it is this which we must suppose to be in the mind of those Austrian—reinforced of late by Russian—critics who are so diligently assuring Europe every day that there is no real probability of any rash or violent action on the part of the Russian Government. It certainly is in the mind of Major OSMAN BEY, the author of a rather curious letter which appeared a day or two ago in the *Standard*. The gist of the writer's remarks is that Russia can gain her point in Bulgaria by mere passive pertinacity. The election of a prince by the Sobranje presents, he says, "three hypotheses which it is impossible to elude—namely, 1st, either 'the selected candidate is a *persona grata* to Russia; 2nd, or he turns out to be hostile; 3rd, or the election 'fails.' Accordingly, he argues, the Russian General—or perhaps we had better say "Russia," since it seems by no means impossible that before the election takes place the astonishing KAULBARS will have been recalled to receive his diamond-hilted sword of "disgrace"—will have two chances to one in his favour; whilst, "as to the second one, it is also in his power to neutralize its effect by casting a veto" against any hostile candidate. Even this calculation, however, leaves out of account the somewhat important fact that, after General KAULBARS's repeated declaration that he regards the general election of last Sunday as invalid, it will be a rebuff to Russian diplomacy to admit the competency of the Sobranje to proceed to any election of a Prince at all. Waiving this point, however, we fail to perceive the advantage which would accrue to Russia from the adoption of a purely obstructive attitude. No doubt if the Sobranje, as rumour represented it the other day to be their intention, were to insist on re-electing Prince ALEXANDER, their choice might meet with the disapproval of other Powers besides Russia; and, if they thus pressed it, they would to that extent forfeit a portion of the sympathy which they at present command in Europe. If, however, the Sobranje keep clear of all obviously "impossible" candidates, and content themselves with simply selecting the person who appears to them to be the best successor to Prince ALEXANDER, without any regard one way or the other to the question whether he is or is not a *persona grata* to Russia, we fail to see how, if the menace of physical coercion be once removed, it will be possible for the CZAR, supposing him to disapprove of their choice, to force his own candidate upon the Sobranje by means of the tactics indicated above.

After all, the game of dog-in-the-manger cannot be played with much effect against an adversary who can so easily

construct another manger of his own. Suppose that the Sobranje submitted in succession the names of two or three candidates for the throne of the Principality, all of whom were found unobjectionable by every Power except Russia; why is it, then, to be assumed that it is the Bulgarian electoral body, and not the would-be autocrat of Bulgaria, who would ultimately have to give way? It may be said—indeed, the argument we have been citing is only another way of saying—that Russia has only to persevere in obstinate disapproval and the Principality will remain for an indefinite time without a Prince. But, if so, what then? The Bulgarians, to judge by the recent elections, appear tolerably contented with their temporary Government, and, in a primitive and undeveloped political organization like that of Bulgaria, can put up with inconveniences resulting from the absence of a Chief of the Executive which in more advanced countries might be found intolerable. On the whole, if it is to be a match between the Czar and the people of the Principality to see which can tire the other out, we cannot really understand why it should be so confidently assumed that HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY will win. The fact that he himself may have discounted his success, supposing that he has done so, is not an argument of so much weight as it might be if the Czar were a different kind of person, and those who surround him another sort of advisers. It is stated that, like another great man nearer home, he is only allowed by his *entourage* to see “selected” specimens of public opinion, and, if so, it is not impossible that he may have permitted himself to be persuaded that the Bulgarian Sobranje is more manageable than it will prove. That he has already made a mistake of magnificent proportions with respect to the temper of the Bulgarian people appears to be beyond doubt. He could not otherwise have suffered General KAULBARS to present himself before the world in a character which suggests no more dignified image than that of Mr. SQUEERS endeavouring to impress upon his pupils that lesson as to the duty of “loving” their master which the inmates of Dotheboys Hall themselves could hardly have shown more reluctance to learn.

THE ROUGH, THE WINTER, AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

THERE seems to be a general opinion that the coming winter will be a very trying one for the labouring class, and, by what is becoming unfortunately a necessary consequence, to the police. The promised revival of trade may come; but it may not, or may be long in coming, and the steed, according to a proverb long ago recognized as musty, cannot wait for the grass. With cold weather, short days, and hard times working together, the poor of the East End of London will begin the dreary history of last winter over again. No doubt private charity will be exerted as usual; and, as usual, the poor who profit most by it will be those of them who are skilful in the concoction of plausible tales of distress, and who are prepared to elbow themselves to the front. But all that private charity can do for the deserving or the undeserving poor, for the unemployed who cannot get work and the unemployed who will not work, will do little to alleviate the misery of the East End of London. It will be very real, even in the case of the dishonest sufferers; and the result will be a great outcry of lamentation, which is no new thing unhappily in this world, and also, what is comparatively new in this country at least, a great threatening of disorder on the part of our rowdy population.

A Correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* has called attention to the fact that a large part of the population of the East End of London is at this moment in a decidedly dangerous frame of mind. The class in question is formed, according to this authority, of the loafers and roughs who will not work. There is an element of this kind in every great town, and in London it is particularly numerous. Up to the present these persons have generally confined themselves to pushing forward when charity was to be claimed. In what seems to be the jargon of the class, they “scoop” any public subscription which happens to be within their reach. Nobody who saw the applicants for the Mansion House Fund at the beginning of this year can doubt the accuracy of the *St. James's Gazette's* Correspondent. A certain proportion of them were plainly honest workers in distress; but a clear majority belonged to the lying, shifty, half-criminal mob which will work when it cannot help it, will loaf by pre-

ference, and will play the rough on occasion. Neither the existence nor the character of this class is new; but at present it has an exceptional importance. It seems to be tolerably clear that for some time past the Socialistic agitators have been acquiring a stronger influence among these people. The alliance between the anarchist and the rough is nowise new. It was proclaimed publicly enough in London last February, but it is said to have become closer since then. More roughs have come to realize how truly Messrs. HYNDMAN, BURNS, WILLIAMS, and CHAMPION are their friends. There is the memory of last February to encourage them. After the riots charity flowed more briskly than before, and the loafers “scooped” the charity. Naturally they make the usual confusion between *post* and *ergo*. They think the charity came in increased volume because of the riot. Following this train of reasoning under the guidance of Messrs. HYNDMAN, BURNS, WILLIAMS, and CHAMPION, they in due course arrive at the conclusion that the best way to set charity flowing into another fund they can scoop is to have another riot. In this frame of mind they are well prepared to begin the Trafalgar Square scandal again. All of this is probably very true. It is quite consistent with probability and with what evidence can be obtained on so obscure a subject as the working of the rough mind. These things being thus, it follows that preparations should be made for dealing with the illegitimate as well as with the legitimate consequences of the distress which is to be expected in the winter. It is intolerable that loafers and roughs, the sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons of loafers and roughs, the very refuse and scum of the population, should be thought to be entitled to some sort of respect because they have picked up a few cant phrases from the empty spouters of Socialism. There can be little doubt that, if these people and their leaders once know that they would be properly taken in hand in case of any attempt to create a disturbance, they would keep quiet. The question whether they will be properly warned depends on whether the police authorities will and can do enough to keep order. After the example made last February, it is not likely that any officer responsible for keeping order in London will fail to do his best; but that he will have a sufficient force to do the work is less sure. The Report of Mr. CHILDERS's Committee shows that Sir CHARLES WARREN thinks an addition to the police necessary. It has not been made yet. Perhaps not the worst way of dealing with the honest unemployed would be to take some of them on in the police, and have them drilled and ready for contingencies by the winter.

CONTINENTAL COMPLICATIONS.

COUNT TAAFFE's answer to an interpellation as to the German alliance is considered even more satisfactory than the previous declaration of the Hungarian Prime Minister. M. TISZA's intimation that Russian aggression in the Balkan peninsula would not be tolerated was more definite and more spirited than the statement of his Austrian colleague; but it seems to have been thought at Vienna that effective resistance to Russia was dependent on the cordial support of Prince BISMARCK. The alternate stress which is laid in official German papers on the double or the triple alliance is not a little perplexing to Austrian and Hungarian politicians. Their main object in maintaining the understanding with Germany is to check the ambitious designs of the Power which nevertheless ostentatiously cultivates the friendship of Berlin. The Emperor of AUSTRIA and the statesmen who direct the policy of the Dual Monarchy have perhaps accepted Prince BISMARCK's opinion that it is more practicable to exercise friendly influence on Russia than to counteract her designs by diplomatic opposition. The Council of the Empire applauded Count TAAFFE's expression of reliance on Germany on the assumption that active aid to Austria would not be withheld in case of need. There had been, he said, no relaxation of the alliance, nor was there reason to apprehend any future diminution of cordiality between the Governments. M. TISZA's warning to Russia is perhaps not inconsistent with present acquiescence in the triple alliance; but, if Austria really believed that Germany would be neutral in the contingency of a Russian attack, the close connexion between the two Empires which has subsisted for many years would be soon dissolved.

An anomalous or paradoxical relation of great States to one another of course admits of explanation. Astronomers have sometimes inferred from disturbances or apparent

irregularities in the motions of heavenly bodies the existence in some quarter of the heavens of a mass of matter which has not yet been reached by the telescope. The shifting friendship and jealousy which prevail among the three great military Empires are explained by a source of gravitation operating outside their system. The German Government cherishes its close union with Austria and cultivates the capricious good-will of Russia in consequence of the knowledge that France is always on the watch for an opportunity of revenge. In earlier times, and down to a comparatively recent period, Austria was the chronic rival of Prussia, and, as many thought, the natural ally of France. In 1870, NAPOLEON III. relied on the co-operation of Austria in repairing the losses of the war of 1866; but BISMARCK had previously secured the active support of Russia, and Austria was consequently held in check till the fate of the campaign was decided. Within a few years from the close of the war, the great German statesman determined to contract a close and permanent friendship with Austria. Count ANDRASSY, during a visit of the Prince to Vienna, cordially accepted his offer, and the compact has since been observed without interruption by himself and his successors. It is not certainly known whether any written treaty was concluded; but the substance of the agreement almost certainly consisted in a defensive alliance against Russia and France.

The secrecy which has been observed as to the transaction admits of easy explanation. Neither party wishes to incur the risk of war, and both would especially deprecate a coalition between Russia and France. Down to the present time Prince BISMARCK has provided by diplomatic methods against the danger which he apprehends. Family influences have been brought to bear on the late and on the present CZAR, and the imprudence of the French Republican Government has produced a feeling of irritation in Russia. Both the Governments are, in consequence of a personal dispute, at present unrepresented by Ambassadors, who ought respectively to reside at Paris and at Petersburg. Trivial differences of this kind would immediately disappear if the two Powers thought it their interest to revert to joint action against Germany and Austria. There is apparently no immediate danger of any combination of the kind; but the Russian policy of provocation in Bulgaria both alarms Austrian statesmen and perhaps even disturbs the habitual equanimity of Prince BISMARCK. His official and semi-official organs have lately thought it expedient to protest against the outrageous proceedings of General KAULBARS. It is not surprising that in the earlier stages of the dispute bystanders should have been surprised and puzzled. That the chief of the largest army in the world should encourage military mutiny was only a little more strange than that the heir of the PETERS and PAULS and ALEXANDERS should demand impunity for a gang of ruffians who had perpetrated a violent palace conspiracy. A potentate who is capable of such extravagance might possibly engage in a great war under the influence of personal resentment.

It appears that there is a simultaneous recrudescence of warlike excitement in France. The MINISTER OF WAR is supposed to meditate ambitious designs, and his confidence in the efficiency of the army has, it seems, been confirmed by the experience of the recent manoeuvres. France has at this moment three millions of soldiers on paper, and the chiefs of the army are satisfied with the organization by which the troops could be rapidly mobilized. General BOULANGER has lately exhibited to a number of members of the Assembly a new projectile, which is said to be capable of annihilating both fortresses and ironclads. There are probably other general officers besides the MINISTER OF WAR who appreciate the vast rewards, in the form of power and popularity, which await the leaders in a successful campaign against Germany. Those among them who are best informed are least likely to undervalue their formidable adversary, nor is any French Minister or general likely to blunder into a single-handed war; but they may reasonably expect the aid of one Great Power. If Russia could be trusted to keep the lists as in 1870, but in the opposite interest, France and Germany would be not unequally matched. It was in anticipation of dangers which now seem to be impending that Prince BISMARCK proposed some years ago to disable his irreconcilable opponent.

If the forces of Germany were engaged elsewhere, Russia would almost certainly profit by the opportunity to make a fresh advance towards Constantinople. Such an enterprise could scarcely be undertaken except at the cost of en-

countering the whole strength of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Although the Russians have a much larger population and a nominally greater army, the combatants would be not unequally matched. If Turkey in some interval of sound policy supported Austria, a Russian invasion of the Balkan provinces would almost certainly fail. In the last Russo-Turkish war the aggressors would probably have been defeated but for the almost unexpected aid of the Roumanian army. If a capable and loyal general had undertaken the relief of Plevna, the Russians, even with the support of the Roumanians, would have been compelled to recross the Danube. It is unfortunately impossible to feel confidence in the rulers who waste the energies of some of the best soldiers in the world. There is another ally who might second at sea the efforts of Austria by land. If it were possible to select beforehand the persons and the party who might be at the time in power in England, some confidence might be felt that the Dardanelles would not be tamely surrendered to a hostile Power. The petty States which have been formed out of the Turkish Empire would perhaps exercise little influence on the results of a war; but it is something that they would no longer be partisans of the "Divine figure from the North."

If all the Powers were involved in a war, unfortunately England and France would probably be found on opposite sides; but it might be possible almost entirely to avoid collision between nations which might have no cause of quarrel. In the Seven Years' War, while England was allied with Prussia and France with Austria, the hostility between France and England was on the Continent of Europe almost nominal. A conflict with Russia, whatever were its results, could have little interest for France. The preachers of international arbitration might begin to doubt the efficiency of their contrivance if they were carefully to examine the state and prospects of Europe at the present moment. It is almost equally the interest of every State and nation to remain at peace; and yet several millions of men are required to be ready at a moment's notice to enter upon a series of bloody struggles. If a tribunal could be formed to adjudicate on possible causes of quarrel, there would be no intelligible basis of arbitration. A much more effectual security for peace consists in the firm resolution of the German Imperial Government, backed as it is by a vast and highly disciplined army. The Emperor WILLIAM is believed to have determined that peace shall be maintained as long as he lives, and the resolution of his powerful Minister is probably not less immutable. It is nevertheless possible that territorial ambition or the desire of revenge may prevail over statesmanlike courage and wisdom. The risk would be greatly increased if the force of the Austro-German alliance were impaired.

WRONGED GHOSTS.

IF the ghosts of great painters could return to our galleries, says Mr. ALFRED STEVENS, they would be pained by what has been done to the pictures they painted, and by the attribution to them of pictures they never painted at all. A meeting of the shades of LIONARDO and VANDYCK, of TITIAN and TINTORET, in the Louvre or the National Gallery, would indeed be a scene of wailing and gnashing of teeth. But the shades of poets dead and gone are in no better case, and it is to be hoped that in their Elysian repose they know not how posterity is purloining and defacing their works. There is FIELDING, for example—nobody supposes that, if FIELDING were alive, he would allow an industrious person to "adapt" his novel, and repay him by reviling his taste. However, all men have heard that Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN has turned *Tom Jones* into *Sophia*. Visitors from the country will learn, from Mr. BUCHANAN's own letter to the papers, that he "has found perhaps the one living actress capable of 'realizing to the life that beautiful ideal of maidenly virtue and power'—Miss WESTERN. Visitors from the country will not need to wonder, like Mr. VINCENT CRUMMLES, "who puts those things in the papers." The author—or adapter—"puts them in" about his own play, and signs them with his *own* name this time, and everything is fair and aboveboard. We are not much concerned with Mr. BUCHANAN's comments on the love affairs of JONES. JONES's "complexion" is notorious. He lived in Somerset, he never went to college, he was a country-bred youth, and he had none of the elegance of Lord FELLAMAR. FIELDING draws

him as he was, and there might seem to be an end of the matter. After all, it was FIELDING and not Mr. BUCHANAN who wrote *Tom Jones*, and FIELDING's ghost would not be well pleased if he could see that Mr. BUCHANAN has whitewashed his hero, and attributed the fall of Miss SEAGRIM (as we are informed) to the vices of BLIFIL. We do not ask whether this is more suitable to Mr. BUCHANAN's play or not; but whether it is probable that FIELDING would like Mr. BUCHANAN's interference and judicious patronage. Probably FIELDING would feel just as Mr. DICKENS did when playwrights mangled his persons and plots. But Mr. BUCHANAN, of course, is quite within his legal rights; it is only a question of a kind of delicacy. Should not a living author, however truly great, permit the works of a dead author to remain as he left them? Mr. BUCHANAN thinks not, and announces that he has shaped "a popular and inoffensive play out of very 'different materials.'" This sounds a little like calling FIELDING's work unpopular and offensive; but Mr. BUCHANAN afterwards kindly gives a good word to the older writer, "mud-bespattered" as his pages are. Probably he thinks his relations to FIELDING much like those of SHAKESPEARE to SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

Mr. BUCHANAN, unluckily, is not the only offender; far from it. We can imagine what the ghost of Sir WALTER would think of Miss BRADDON's behaviour in condensing his romances for penny readers. He would laugh and let it go by, for bitterness was not in him. DE FOE might feel less kindly to the S. P. C. K., which has propagated erroneous knowledge of *Robinson Crusoe* in a mutilated form, said to be priggish, and certainly different from the original. Boys are extremely unlikely to prefer the clerical ROBINSON to the father of all such adventurers, the ancestor of all them who sail to Treasure Islands and make homes in the desert. COLERIDGE, again, who could never finish *Christabel*, must be greatly obliged to the pair of living poets—or are there three of them?—who have kindly knocked off conclusions, each à son devis. No luck went with them, and probably but few readers of *Christabel* could say who these courageous singers are. We shall not withdraw the veil of oblivion, even for the purpose of administering the smack of hearty contempt and disapproval.

More recent ghosts than these are daily outraged. GABORIAU died, leaving M. LECOQ in the prime of health and intellect. He would have done better to kill him. Since GABORIAU's death M. LECOQ has had at least two avatars. M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY (*proh pudor!*) has done *La Vieillesse de M. Lecoq*. In this romance LECOQ has retired from business, but is still a grand old detective. He is induced to investigate a crime, and very nearly runs in his own son, who, however, if we remember correctly, was innocent after all. But what with nervousness about his offspring, and what with anxiety about his own blunder, they were evil days for M. LECOQ. Two authors, whose highly respectable names we forget, have collaborated, or conspired, to kill M. LECOQ. In their novel, *La Fille de M. Lecoq*, the great man has become a doddering old domino-player, but he still has a keen nose for a murderer. He has just tracked a tremendous young ruffian, when he lets himself be stabbed by the ruffian's mistress. *Le Vieillard a baissé*, as they say. The daughter of M. LECOQ then takes up the running. The authors know nothing of the son foisted on him by M. BOISGOBEY. The young lady dresses like a young man, gets into a club to which the ruffian belongs, wins money at baccarat, wins the ruffian's heart, and finally shoots his mistress with her own hand. Now the great GABORIAU would have writhed under all these interpolations and inventions. But neither M. BOISGOBEY nor the other pair revile his mud-bespattered pages in the chivalrous manner of Mr. BUCHANAN. Indeed, Mr. BUCHANAN reminds us of the burglars who robbed Mr. PUMBLECHOOK. They not only stole his goods, but they tied him up, and gave him a dozen, having previously stuffed his mouth full of flowering annuals. Mr. BUCHANAN has made prize of *Tom Jones*, and he has given FIELDING a dozen for "pourtraying a coarse and filthy animal in a 'man's clothing' (namely, THOMAS JONES); and, finally, he has called FIELDING "a great writer," and so stuffed his mouth, as it were, with the flowering annuals of his applause. And we do not see any reason why Mr. BUCHANAN should stop here. Why should he not publish his *Sophia* as an antidote to the wicked *Tom Jones*? Why should he not give us his own style, and humour, and grammar, and all his moral changes in FIELDING's matter? There is nothing to prevent him. In France M. MEHALIN

has taken a similar liberty with DUMAS. He has published *Le Fils de Porthos*, and it is said that a play is to be made out of this romance. DUMAS could not have foreseen this appropriation; but he had killed ATHOS and D'ARTAGNAN, and he cried himself over the death of PORTHOS. The son of PORTHOS was, as Mr. WELLER says, "the conseqins of a 'manœuvre' of PORTHOS's just before the rock fell on him. To be fair, the son of so delightful and robust a hero does his father no discredit. But DUMAS forgot to kill ARAMIS, and the new author continues his adventures. The Duc d'ALAMÉDA sinks so low as to kidnap a girl, by way of making her a successor to Mme. DE MONTESPAN in the affections of LOUIS XIV. Was this worthy of our dear friend ARAMIS, the friend of all of us, who with his lifelong companions is making love and war somewhere in the Paradise of Fiction? TOM JONES is there, too, and Colonel NEWCOME, and DUGALD DALGETTY, and Mr. PICKWICK. They are immortal, like the Eternal Laws of SOPHOCLES, and the hands of men cannot alter nor deface them. Still, men like Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN have the audacity to try, and think they know TOM JONES or ARAMIS better than did their fathers who begot them. These sequels and continuations are sorry sights. No one of natural modesty would touch CHRISTABEL or MOLL SEAGRIM, or even worthy M. LECOQ, whose posthumous adventures, after all, are of less moment.

In DICKENS's time G. W. M. REYNOLDS wrote a continuation of his famous book, and called it *Pickwick Abroad*. A living man can take legal measures against these mercenary combinations of injury and insult. A ghost whose copyrights have expired has no remedy. The Mr. BUCHANANS of the future may make BEATRIX ESMOND as pure as she was fair; they may whitewash BARNES, they may convert BILL SIKES, and make ADAM BEDE marry HETTY. But even they cannot bring back the dead for their purposes, and a great author will do wisely who "fairly puts all 'characters to bed,' in the cold grave, and leaves none of his people at the moral mercies of the Mr. BUCHANANS. ADDISON set the example when he killed Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. All novels will end like *Hamlet*, and there will be no *dramatis personæ* left for Mr. BUCHANAN to use for his wise purposes.

THE FRENCH BUDGET.

IT is as yet early to speak of the French Budget as if it were a thing even provisionally settled. Not only has the Ministerial scheme not been accepted by the Chamber, but it has not been accepted by the Budget Committee. The French practice of referring all Bills to a Committee before they are presented to the Chamber leads to the discussion of everything twice over. The select body which first discusses the draft comes to a decision upon it by the vote of the majority, and then reports to the Chamber. It may radically alter the Ministerial plan, and in that case, if the Ministry adheres to its own opinion, the deputies have to choose between alternative policies. In the present case the divergence between the Ministry and the Budget Committee was nearly as wide as it well could be. They differed, not on a question of details only, but on a matter of principle. The point at issue was whether the now chronic French deficit was to be met by means of an Income-tax or by some other resource for raising money. M. SADI CARNOT, the Finance Minister, indeed informed the Committee that the Ministry was prepared to accept the principle of the Income-tax, but not to go any further. It would acknowledge in a general way that an Income-tax is a good way of getting revenue, but this concession was to be purely platonic. For this Session the Ministry was to be asked to do no more than promise to take the tax into consideration and think it over. If the Committee would agree to this arrangement, the Ministry would promise to reflect upon the Income-tax along with that other famous *crux* which has long puzzled the French financier—namely, how to tax rentes without taxing the rentiers. This conundrum, which was propounded some time ago, has not been settled yet. The Committee has not decided whether it will be satisfied with this amount of concession on the part of the Ministry.

Apart from the Income-tax, there is another matter on which the Ministry and the Committee could not agree. M. SADI CARNOT and his colleagues propose to do away with the Extraordinary Budget. This supplement to the ordinary Budget is theoretically supposed to include temporary and incidental expenses. As a matter of fact, it reappears as

regularly as its orthodox brother. Its principal use is to supply a decent veil for the extravagances of successive Ministries. No system can well be imagined better adapted to lead to careless and wasteful finance than this, and M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet would be doing good service by abolishing such a spendthrift fiction. The Budget Committee has rejected the proposal, and insists on the maintenance of the Extraordinary Budget. Its reasons have not yet been given; but it may be guessed that the Radicals who form the majority are unwilling to part with an expedient which has been found very useful when grants are to be made to right-thinking constituencies. The Ministry and the Committee may arrive at some compromise before the Chamber is called upon to decide upon between them. Whether they do so or not, the deputies will, if they can forget party quarrels for a moment, have enough to occupy them in the condition of French finance. Within the last eight years, and in a time of peace, the State has borrowed two hundred millions sterling—five milliards of French money. To a large extent this money has been raised to cover an annual deficit and take up a floating debt. The deficit is still unfilled, and, in spite of M. DE FREYCINET's promises, the current expenses of government increase rather than diminish. As an instance of this tendency, it is convenient to cite the action of Admiral AUBE, the Naval Minister, who, after promising to reduce the Budget of his department by forty millions of francs, is said to be threatening a demand for a loan of eight millions for the construction of cruisers and torpedo-boats. Meanwhile, the Republic, over and above its own outlay, has saddled itself with an enormous liability for guarantees to Railway Companies and other public works. The position of a French Minister of Finance in the presence of such a mass of liabilities can hardly be a pleasant one. Neither is there any probability that it will diminish. At the present moment neither the Committee nor the Ministry is prepared to frame a Budget which will deal with it thoroughly. The Committee advocates an Income-tax, but will diminish other imposts, and retain the unbusinesslike double Budget. The Ministry would abolish that source of waste; but it will not incur the odium of imposing an Income-tax. The spectacle is a most remarkable one at this moment, when the French seem to be talking themselves into a disposition to reassert their influence as a Great Power. With a weight of taxation such as was never borne by any nation before; with a debt which increases in peace as rapidly as in war-time; with a permanent deficit and an invincible repugnance to a great increase of taxation, France would seem to be as ill-fitted to begin an adventurous policy as any nation well could be. An economist of the old school might accept this as a sufficient guarantee for peace; but, unfortunately, experience goes to show that the same folly which disorders the finances of a nation will occasionally egg it on to insane military enterprises.

THE WAKEFIELD CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE increase in value as an element in public life, to which the Church Congress is not afraid to lay claim, compared even with its most self-confident pretensions of twenty years since, is the index of many more and many wider changes than the passing fortunes of that brief annual. Those were early days when patronage, at best but coldly tolerant, and more often undisguisedly contemptuous and galling, was the utmost encouragement that could be hoped for. But at a much later date the Church Congress still found itself bidden to stand apart in the outer court of the Temple. It was accepted as a very respectable gathering of worthy people who contributed their shares to that ever-growing bundle of specialties at which the worldly-wise politician glances and passes on. But the time had not come to recognize the Church in its strength existing in connexion with Congress as a very powerful expression of that Church, or, in other words, as a contributory to what all men, whether they relish it or not, must accept as aiding to build up general public opinion. The footstep was already at the door, but the knock was not yet audible.

Various incidents combined to reduce the Congress at Wakefield to a place among the less brilliant of the now long series. The choice of that town as the place of gathering carried with itself obvious difficulties; for, although it has had conferred upon it an increment of ecclesiastical dignity as one of Sir RICHARD CROSS's new bishoprics, although the only one of them which still hangs fire, it stands in population,

wealth, and business far below that vast adjacent centre of life which calls itself Leeds. It was an obvious stroke of practical expediency to utilize the arrival of a fresh Bishop of RIPON, conspicuous for fluent eloquence, by giving him that chance of helping on the division of his diocese which would naturally grow from the selection of the destined see as the locale of the Congress town. But it is not always the case that persons most willingly congregate at the spot where they are most certain to be asked to contribute. Still all such drawbacks might have been overcome by a largely conceived and impartial programme of subjects, and a selection of readers and speakers manifestly made with the intention of adequately representing the best thought and the most anxious studies of the various schools which are found in the Church of England. This was not, however, the system on which the Wakefield managers set to work. The list was conspicuously one-sided in the way of excluding representatives of various phases of High Churchmanship; while the proportion of persons who could claim to be leaders of opinion had not been exhibited in more scanty proportions at any preceding Congress. The natural result was that a scheme worked out on so contracted a system was far from attractive in its selection of subjects to those whose familiarity with the numberless and intricate series of Church problems went below the surface.

At the Wakefield Church Congress, in short, the topics taken up represented the drift of popular fancy at a time when greater or less wisdom to be found among Churchmen may be distinguished by the simple test of ascertaining whether the impulse of the man who sets up as leader is to think first, and then to reform, or whether he prefers to begin by reforming, and leaves the thinking to the day after. Still we do not at all wish to condemn the Congress as if it were a wasted opportunity. We have pointed out the respects in which it seems to us to have fallen short of the higher interest attained by earlier Church Congresses. Still it was very clear that large gatherings of attentive listeners were much interested by what was offered to their ears, and we may be allowed to believe derived profit as well as entertainment from the trouble which they took. After all, a popular lecture in a country town is only proportionally a solid contribution to the world's store of high thinking, and a body of such varied capacities and acquisitions as the Church of England, taken as a whole, can only be kept together by judiciously tempering the food to the digestion, and the strain to the sustaining power. The Wakefield Church Congress cannot be expected to live, but it may be reckoned as filling a modestly useful niche in the activities of the year.

The natural result of the circumstances in which the Congress was held was to invest the President's address with exceptional prominence. Church Congresses have grown so strong, and the generous and learned form of churchmanship which they so conspicuously encouraged has also grown so healthy and robust, that there can be but little danger in a disappointment such as that which will come of a Congress of inferior attractions. The Congress will not suffer as an institution, though the managers have shown themselves unequal to their casual chance. It was not judicious on the part of the Bishop of RIPON to call attention to the prominence given in the scheme of subjects to Church Reform. We say nothing against Church Reforms in the abstract; but we have a very clear conviction that the time and place for a symposium of ecclesiastical reformers is not that Church Congress, with its loose constitution, which has happened in sequence of time to the liberation agitation of last autumn.

The Congress sermons are not to be included in the general criticism which the quality of the subsequent papers has invited. The powerful metaphysics of the Archbishop of YORK and the Bishop of MEATH need no commendation. The Bishop of MEATH summed very much up in a few words when he reminded his congregation that the discovery within the last half-century of the correlation of forces and the conservation of energy had made Atheism unscientific and logically impossible. The Bishop of EDINBURGH, on the other hand, presented in striking language the proclamation by the Church of the moral law. Prepared by these discourses, the Congress gathered to listen to the Bishop of RIPON's opening address. He is a master of description, so the speech, instead of serving—as several of those of its most successful predecessors were content to do—as a practical instrument for starting the subsequent business, asserted itself as an oration claiming attention and admiration for its own diction and richness of illustration. Beginning by

putting his audience in a merry mood by dexterously dealing with the Vicar of Wakefield, the Bishop rose to a higher level and presented a picture of the whole Church of England as that Church appeared itself to the speaker in all its world-wide diversity of characteristic. No party in the Church of England would probably subscribe to the kaleidoscopic picture in every detail as expressing its own opinions, while few critics would be found so austere as to pick a serious quarrel with so picturesque a coruscation. Anyhow, excess of imagination is not generally believed to be the defect which is most dangerously apt to lead the Yorkshire intellect astray, so it might be safe to assume that a Wakefield audience would find itself the richer after listening to the address, if not for new facts, at all events for the sparkling series of dissolving views which were presented by the orator. A certain Mr. MULLER, a very respectable Irish Queen's Counsel and Railway Commissioner, made during a Church and State debate a perilous plunge into history, and triumphantly proclaimed that the Church property which had escaped HENRY VIII.'s rapacity was only held by the Church as from that date and by a Parliamentary title, though the learned advocate found it rather difficult to point to the remarkable statute which conferred such abnormal benefits. It was refreshing to note the disapprobation with which this incredibly ignorant assertion was greeted by the audience; while a witty Dean of ARMAGH from Ireland showed no mercy to his countryman.

AMATEUR SPIES.

AN unexpected and unpleasant result of that "inquisitorial action" to which the London School Board has been subjecting the parents of its charges has been the public embodiment of a complaint, in its connexion, of inquisitorial action of another type and to a very different purpose. Of this the Board itself is probably guiltless. That much may be conceded at starting. But if we are to believe the Correspondent on whose authority the charge is made, it has sinned, and grievously, in the person of its local managers, whose appointment is its work, and for whose sayings and doings it must, of course, be held responsible.

It appears, then, that at Deptford, from which place the impeachment comes, the male and female teachers in the Board's employ have been for some time past the objects of a system of espionage of which the motives are not less offensive than its manifestations are gross and unwarrantable. Their private life, indeed, has been made, by the local managers aforesaid, the material of a private inquisition; and the self-appointed Holy Office seems to have spared neither time nor pains to compass its ends. It is so deeply interested in the quality of its teachers that it does not hesitate to demand an account of all they say and do, to exercise a minute and particular supervision over their manners and their morals, and to make itself the companion, by proxy, of their most secret hours. Acting, we are told, in sympathy, if not in practical concert, with the Vigilance Committee, "started in association with a notorious movement some time ago," and in resentment of the fact that certain of its officers declined to be interested in the operations of the hysterical busybodies of which such associations are composed, it has taken upon itself "to interrogate individual teachers as to the friendships of their co-workers in a peculiarly offensive manner"; or, in plain words, has set to work to make one-half the Board School personnel do duty as spies upon the other. As regards the male teachers, the inquiry is simple in its impudence. What it is wanted to know is, how they spend their leisure out of class-time; who are their friends and sweethearts and relations; whether they play billiards or cards; if they are addicted to public-houses and theatres; if their politics are such as may commend themselves to the thinking mind; and all the rest of it. This being the case of the men, it is easy to believe that "the investigations regarding the women teachers, married and single, are exceptionally objectionable." The decency of fanaticism, its peculiar trick of modesty, the good taste and good feeling which characterize its inquiries, the noble and seemingly charity which animates its attempts at reform—all this is so well and widely known that the manner and intention of these "investigations regarding the women teachers" may be divined by anybody. The Correspondent contents himself with noting that "it is scored against them if they

"speak, in coming to or going from school, with a male teacher, even with one employed in the same building"; and from this fact the lengths to which a parental Local Committee is prepared to go in defence of its craze may be calculated exactly, and with a sort of horrid ease.

There is no doubt that the blackest feature in the case, supposing the Correspondent to be trustworthy and his information good and true, is the connexion between the local managers and the local Vigilance Committee. It is bad enough, of course, that any set of people having public authority of any sort should agree to misbehave themselves, and make the discharge of their duty a pretext for self-indulgence of the meaner and sillier sort; but it is ever so much worse when they combine to do as they ought not to do at the behest, and to encourage and support the weakness, of a number of private persons. There is no more contemptible creature than the Amateur Spy; and the fact is beyond dispute that the establishment of local Vigilance Committees in the cause of what is misnamed "social purity" has given him such a status and such an opportunity as he has scarce enjoyed since the brave days of TITUS OATES. Thanks to them, he can indulge his wretched idiosyncrasy, not merely without reproof, but with positive credit. It is by and for the satisfaction of an instinct of peculiar baseness that he exists; and, so far from suffering any check in his career, or being obliged, for shame's sake, to labour in darkness and alone, he has the sympathy of a number [male and female] of his mournful species, is able to do his dirty work in company, and is privileged to argue that the end of his operations is the public good, and that he and his kind are among those best deserving of the republic. That his services to morality are as important as he and his champions asseverate them to be is, to say the least of it, extremely doubtful. It is not doubtful at all, however, that, as he is licensed to talk dirt for decency's sake, and to do prudently in the cause of virtue, he enjoys himself immensely, both in speech and action, and that at the expense of those who refuse to countenance the proceedings of the self-constituted *Servies des Mœurs* to which he belongs. It may safely be said, indeed, that, in the absence of men and women with nasty minds and nothing to do, there would be no Vigilance Committees; as it may be remarked, with absolute assurance, that the existence of Vigilance Committees to the end that these profess is a part of "that general conspiracy against good manners" of which, this some time past, we have had such reason to complain. It behoves the London School Board to inquire into and check the vagaries of its Deptford agents; and this it may be confidently expected to do. But the suppression of the "vigilante" nuisance is the business of the community at large; and, as what is everybody's work is nobody's, it may have years of life in it yet.

SPAIN.

THE change of persons in Señor SAGASTA's reconstructed Government excites but little interest in England. The names and characters of the incoming and outgoing members of the Cabinet are scarcely known beyond the limits of their own country. The advanced section of Liberals seems to have lost by the changes; but it is announced that Señor SAGASTA will make no change in his domestic policy, and the retiring Ministers have expressed an intention of supporting their former chief and his colleagues. The reasons for the crisis which is now past seem to foreigners insufficient, but possibly the PRIME MINISTER may have desired an opportunity of making some personal alterations. His own position would appear to be secure, as he retains the confidence both of the QUEEN REGENT and of a majority in both Houses of the Cortes; but Spanish statesmen have in recent times rarely enjoyed a long tenure of office, though a general election almost always results in a Ministerial victory. Since the conclusion of the Commercial Convention with England a few months ago, no question of importance has disturbed the friendly relations of the two countries. English traders and politicians have no other wish than that Spain should have the advantage of a strong Government and a steady policy. Señor SAGASTA has the great merit of being the most powerful party leader of the present day; for all the dynastic Liberals acknowledge him as their chief, and the rest of the Republicans have virtually suspended their attacks on the Government. The restless activity of ZORRILLA consolidates the party of order. The

suspicion that ZORRILLA is associated with a revolutionary French faction is not likely to increase his popularity.

In common estimation ZORRILLA is held responsible both for the mutiny at Madrid and for a former outrage of the same character at Carthagena. It is possible that he may not have actually organized either revolt, but he has not concealed his design of overthrowing the Monarchy by force. If the garrison of Madrid had followed VILLACAMPA instead of rejecting his overtures, there might have been a violent revolution. The vicious tradition of military conspiracies is perhaps not yet effectually interrupted. One of ZORRILLA's apologists affects to have been scandalized by the act of MARTINEZ CAMPOS in restoring the BOURBON dynasty. Two or three years earlier General PAVIA turned the Republican Cortes out of doors at the point of the bayonet. In both cases the irregular action of the military chiefs conduced to the public welfare, but the precedent of successful mutiny is capable of dangerous application. Both MARTINEZ CAMPOS and PAVIA retired from their dictatorial position after they had completed their enterprises; but in a former generation military chiefs, such as PRIM and SERRANO, used their influence over the soldiery for the purpose of reserving to themselves the control and administration of the Government.

The new Minister of War, General CASTILLO, bears a high character, having in a long term of service never taken part in any military revolt. In other European countries such a negative merit would hardly be appreciated; but loyalty to the Constitution and to the colours is at present the most indispensable quality of a Minister of War. The issue which was raised by the retirement of the late Cabinet was vitally important. SEÑOR ALONZO MARTINEZ, who voted to the last for the execution of the capital sentence on VILLACAMPA and his chief accomplices, retains his place as Colonial Minister. General CASTILLO will therefore be powerfully supported in his opposition to any future attempt to tamper with military discipline. The infliction of the extreme sentence of the law on a mutinous officer would have been an imperative duty, even if the rebels had not aggravated their crime by more than one atrocious murder. The failure of justice is probably explained by the interval which elapsed between the capture of the criminals and the time which was fixed for the execution. All the newspapers of Madrid joined in sentimental appeals to the merciful disposition of the QUEEN REGENT; and the bishops, the clergy, and, it was said, the POPE himself, joined in the unwise agitation for defeating the operation of justice. The interference of the clergy in a matter with which they have no official or professional concern may perhaps have been suggested by their desire to save the life of the priestly ruffian who murdered the Bishop of MADRID. It might have been supposed that the deliberate assassination by a priest of a great ecclesiastical dignitary would have been regarded by Churchmen as a crime of more than ordinary atrocity; but it would seem that many of them are more anxious to secure the impunity of a priest than to avenge the murder of a bishop.

THE QUEEN REGENT is not to be blamed for giving way to popular clamour by sparing the life of VILLACAMPA. On the part of her husband, if he had been now alive, such an act of weakness would have been unpardonable; but a woman and a foreigner may well be excused for submitting to the general demand for mercy. Spaniards, like Italians, have often displayed a morbid horror of capital punishment, though a violent death by murder is sometimes regarded with weak toleration. The QUEEN REGENT probably did all in her power when she referred the decision to the Cabinet, which was notoriously divided on the question. It may be hoped that no similar evasion of a plain duty will be tolerated in the case of GALEOTE. The Spaniards might well take example by the practice of the Americans, who are certainly not deficient in tenderness for human life, or in toleration for pardonable offences. The assassin of President GARFIELD was allowed extravagant license for his defence; and he probably hoped that by prolonging the trial he would escape the due punishment of his crime; but, when all pretexts for delay were exhausted, the judge and the jury discharged their duty; and the Executive Government never hesitated in enforcing the sentence of the Court. As VILLACAMPA's sentence has been commuted to one of lifelong solitary confinement, it may be contended that the humanitarians have rendered him a doubtful service in sparing his life. If the actual sentence is fully executed, it will be a question whether death would not have been preferable to long years of torture; but there is no doubt that

capital punishment appeals with exceptional force to the popular imagination, and that VILLACAMPA's friends thought that they were conferring a benefit on their client. Political changes in Spain have until lately been so rapid and so complete that the criminals may probably hope for future restoration to freedom. At present the chances seem to be against the fulfilment of any sanguine expectations which they may entertain. There is no doubt that the commutation of VILLACAMPA's sentence has aggravated the general feeling against criminals of his class.

There seems to be some defect in the regimental organization which has on several occasions placed dangerous powers in the hands of non-commissioned officers. VILLACAMPA found agents and accomplices amongst the sergeants, while nearly all the commissioned officers maintained their loyalty. The military mutinies of the last generation frequently commenced with the promotion of a large body of sergeants to a higher rank; and, if the hopeless enterprise which has lately been suppressed had succeeded, VILLACAMPA would probably have followed the precedent. It may possibly be found expedient to bring the officers into closer connexion with the rank and file; but the main security against military revolts is to be found in rigorous enforcement of discipline. In the late agitation a new illustration might be found of the saying that public opinion is the opposite of private opinion. The unanimity of the press in favour of a relaxation of the rules of justice probably implied a contrary judgment on the part of responsible politicians. SAGASTA, and those of his friends who dissuaded the REGENT from commuting the sentences, will henceforth, on the occurrence of any similar provocation, feel that the resources of toleration are exhausted. If ZORRILLA at any future time ventures to re-enter Spain except as a conqueror, he will incur great danger of prosecution and condign punishment. It would be difficult to suggest an excuse for a conspirator who suborns military officers to betray their trust. VILLACAMPA was probably indifferent to the establishment of the Republic which his soldiers proclaimed. His employer is more fully responsible. The Republican party in Spain has no reason to be grateful to a leader who has made their cause odious.

SURREY FISH-FARMING.

TO all fish-lovers and pisciculturists Mr. FFENNELL's letter in the *Times* two days ago must have come as welcome tidings. Mr. FFENNELL is an ardent fish-lover as well as angler, as all who have read his *Book of the Roach* must know; and his account of the fish-farms in Surrey, which have thriven and prospered so exceedingly under the able and intelligent management of Mr. ANDREWS, is most interesting. We speak of fish-farms in the plural advisedly, for Mr. ANDREWS's experiments are chiefly, with the exception of the actual hatching of eggs, carried on in ponds, which Mr. FFENNELL describes as being "scattered broadcast over that part of Surrey. . . . They are in number many, and of various sizes and descriptions, consisting of mill ponds, enlarged water-cress beds, park ponds, and "artificial ponds." This, to our mind, is one of the most delightful features of the scheme; the experiment of thus utilizing all the natural sheets of water which abound in the country in England is one that will be joyfully welcomed by all fresh-water pisciculturists. Artificial ponds are excellent things, and probably no regular fish-farming could succeed without their aid; but to those who share our wish to see the English fresh waters re-stocked and made to yield abundant food harvests, Mr. ANDREWS's way of going to work commends itself at once. This practical way of making use of the materials ready to hand is further exemplified in the way in which Mr. ANDREWS hatches his fish-eggs. A structure which had been a greenhouse in his back garden was all that he required, and in this little building, which he has made into a most "well-arranged and commodious" hatching-house, he has in the last nine years developed twenty-eight million trout, eight million American char (*Salmo fontinalis*), and four million grayling. These little fish only remain in the back garden as short a time as possible; once they are old enough to be removed from the hatching-house, they take their places in one of the many ponds, where they are plentifully supplied with natural food, and are also fed at times by the keepers. Great killer of fish as Mr. FFENNELL is, he had never killed an American char until he visited Mr. ANDREWS,

who, wishing him to test the sporting qualities of this fish, invited him to bring his rod. The mere sight of a medium-sized salmon-fly apparently threw the *S. fontinalis* into the highest excitement; "the water was absolutely boiling with fish," says the enthusiastic angler, who further adds that these fish appeared to him to be "extremely ravenous," and that "they fought gamely and well." Before fishing for the char, Mr. FFENNELL had thrown a trout-fly over a mill pond, adjoining the public road, which was stocked with Loch Leven trout, and though the water there did not actually "boil with fish," still he was able to land some beautiful specimens. We should have been glad if Mr. FFENNELL had explained how this roadside pond, full of such delicious fish as Loch Leven trout, is kept unpoached. Are the dwellers in Surrey like Erin's sons in MOORE's ballad, "So good or so cold" as not to appreciate a dish of so succulent a fish, that can be had, it would seem, so easily? Mr. ANDREWS does not use these ponds for angling purposes, but rather for the rearing of his fish so as to have as large a supply as possible of "well-bred lusty fish, fry, yearlings, two-year-olds, &c., for those wishing to create fisheries, or else restore fast-failing ones." It is, indeed, a pleasing sign of the development of this most useful industry that Mr. ANDREWS's supply has not been for many seasons equal to the demands made upon him. Mr. FFENNELL speaks highly of the excellence of the American char for the table; "they cut red, are firm in flesh, and of a capital flavour." They would seem to be, however, rather capricious fish as to the waters they are placed in, succeeding very well in some, and failing utterly in others where everything had apparently been done to please them. They succeed, according to the authority of Sir JAMES MAITLAND, one of the greatest living pisciculturists, in some parts of Scotland, and thrive best where they have only gradual changes of temperature. The waters in Bagshot Park were stocked with *S. fontinalis* by Mr. ANDREWS, and it appears they have done very well there. But it certainly would be well for any amateur pisciculturist who intends stocking his waters with either Loch Leven trout or American char to consult a professional authority as to the possibility of his water supply supporting these capricious fish, before attempting the experiment with any great number.

LAWYERS AND LAW REFORM.

THE solicitors who assembled at York on Tuesday listened to a good deal of discussion of a sensible and practical kind. The important event was the opening address of Mr. PARKER, the President for the year, who devoted himself principally to the questions touching the law of conveyancing—believed, on the authority of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, to be agitating with bright hopes the bosom of Lord HALSBURY—the recent legislation enlarging the rights of married women in respect to their children, and the working of the new law of bankruptcy.

As to the married women Mr. PARKER made divers perfectly unobjectionable, if slightly commonplace, observations. No one doubts that the failure of the law to give mothers rights of guardianship to some extent co-ordinate with those of fathers, and to make some provision with regard to the case which is unhappily not unknown of good mothers and bad fathers, was a defect requiring to be remedied. It has been remedied, and there is every reason to hope that the new provisions, which are of no very complicated or what admirers of revolution would call drastic kind, will work easily and fulfil the expectations of their authors. Mr. PARKER deserves credit for his suggestion, which will commend itself to upholders of the superstition—long since exploded as far as party questions are concerned—that it is desirable in a general way to enforce deliberate agreements to behave in a reasonable manner, that the force of legal contracts should be given to pre-nuptial arrangements, whereby the father undertakes that the children of the marriage shall be educated according to the religious belief of their mother.

In his discussion of the law of bankruptcy Mr. PARKER suggested various improvements in matters of detail, and in a general way spoke as might be expected of a lawyer. This expression is not intended to convey any shadow of reproach. It merely indicates that the average layman of experience is not capable of anticipatory enthusiasm about

any bankruptcy law whatever. All he knows about it is that bankruptcy will go on, and that sometimes the creditors will be swindled, and sometimes not, and sometimes large dividends will be paid, and sometimes dividends that are not so large; but that twenty shillings in the pound will generally be in the nature of a beautiful ideal, quite distant enough to have borrowed a considerable amount of enchantment. The lawyers can arrange it how they will, but the subject is not pleasing, and whether debtors go into the Bankruptcy Court or pay their seven-and-sixpence by private arrangement is not a question about which the ordinary creditor cares very much. If a suggestion, often made in private, were propounded publicly by some one in authority, and it were proposed to repeal the Bankruptcy-law altogether, and to leave creditors to make the best they could of their normal legal remedies, the proposal would probably excite more interest among solicitors and County Court officials than in any other circle of society.

As regards the most important of Mr. PARKER's topics—the possible legislation about the transfer of land—Mr. PARKER spoke like a sensible man, and therefore very unlike a Socialist or a Radical stump-orator. The direction in which the reformers of "Land-laws" ought to move is that in which their predecessors have continuously travelled from 1833 to 1882—the direction of assimilating real property to personal property as far as concerns the greater part of the rights affecting it. This was the burden of an article published last year by Mr. Justice STEPHEN in the *National Review*, to which Mr. PARKER referred in his address. Mr. PARKER did not underrate—no lawyer of experience would underrate—the probable difficulties of establishing an efficient system of registration either of title or of assurances. But he pointed out, with perfect truth, that in so far as any such system can be devised, it will be the foundation of much economy in conveyancing by diminishing the necessity of elaborate and expensive investigations of title. Nor can any one accuse Mr. PARKER of Radicalism or want of reverence for real property law or lawyers by reason of his studiously guarded suggestion that it would be better to have done with contingent remainders altogether than to continue the present rather elaborate device, whereby they are deprived of all the qualities which make them different from executory limitations. Mr. FEARNE will not be by any means a less learned and admirable person when the subject of his immortal work has become a memory than he is now when it has become a fictitious thing by reason of a statutory enactment providing that, whenever it has exercised its peculiar function of not being preserved, it shall be deemed to have been preserved, and shall be just as valuable as if it had been.

The great argument in favour of effecting an approximation of the law of real property to that of personal property is a political one. The two cannot become precisely the same, because of the two peculiarities in real property—that it is immovable, and of limited amount. But if, necessary exceptions excepted, real and personal property could be owned, transferred, and let to hire, upon the same general conditions, and with something like the same convenience and despatch, a stumbling-block would be thrown in the way of revolutionary agitators whose quarrel is not really with the law regulating the ownership of land, but with the fact that the land belongs to somebody else. The difficulties of transfer which, according to the existing law, attend the purchase of a small estate in land, afford the baser sort of Radical a convenient stalking-horse wherewith to conceal from the superficial observer the predatory nature of his actual intentions. If the real grievance—affecting both rich and poor—were removed, and land was in substance and, apart from inevitable distinctions, personal property, the *cui bono* of the enemy of capital, industry, and honesty would be exposed in all its naked hideousness to every one who has eyes to see. This would, perhaps, be even a greater gain than the direct convenience of being able to buy and sell land with less difficulty, and to hold it with greater security. Yet the statement is to some extent speculative; for when one reflects upon the number of virtuous, law-abiding, and educated people who are perfectly unaware that the "law of entail," as that expression is commonly understood and correctly used, was practically abolished in the reign of his late majesty King HENRY VII., and that for the last four years a child has been able to drive a coach-and-six through it, one

is tempted to despair of ever making most people understand anything whatever about the matter. Touching the other papers which the solicitors read to each other, it may be sufficient to suggest that a period of residence at a University is not at all likely to do any harm to any one about to become a solicitor, and to concur in the opinion expressed, apparently with more heat than was absolutely necessary, by Mr. MARTIN, of Reading, that the intermediate appeal from judgment on a verdict at Nisi Prius to the Divisional Court might well be dispensed with. But that would considerably increase the work of the Court of Appeal, and would require a good deal of rearrangement.

ROSCIUS ON THE ROAD.

THIS week the great heart of theatrical England has thrilled to the news, which was deemed worth sending by telegraph, that Mr. WILSON BARRETT has made a successful first appearance in New York. Of course the applause, which was loud and long, was completely unexpected; and to our only tragedian save one it already seemed that, stranger as he was, "a home had been made for him in this magnificent reception." He could not, he was careful to add, but be deeply touched, for at last he had achieved "the object towards which he had been looking for years." Thus (it will be remembered) he once looked forward from the gallery of the Princess's Theatre to a certain performance of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. It may be that the two aspirations were coeval. One would like to know that they were; the fact would be such a rare morsel for the future historian of the Anglo-American stage.

It is natural, but a thought discomfiting, to find that the critics were more critical than the first-night's audience; also that they agreed to disagree as to the actor's merits. Mr. WILLIAM WINTER, for instance, who has declared that he does not care for impassioned acting because, though "art is noble, the sanctity of the human soul is nobler yet," relates that "Mr. BARRETT was recognized as a genial, 'simple, kind-hearted, generous man,' to begin with, and also as 'a forcible, sensible, picturesque, thorough actor,' who produced an impression that was 'entirely auspicious,' and who may be regarded as 'the outcome of the revolt against asceticism and excessive intellectuality in art.' This being the case, it is a thought surprising that the great defect in the acting of one so forcible, sensible, picturesque, and thorough should be "a tinge of lachrymose monotony, alike of delivery and demeanour, combined 'with a tendency to preach.'" How an actor can be forcible and picturesque, and at the same time suffer from a preaching tendency and a tinge of lachrymose monotony, is what Mr. WINTER does not stay to explain. Less eloquent than Mr. WINTER, the *Herald* critic is also less vague and undecided. To him the profligate Roman (it was as CLAUDIAN, the long-winded, that Mr. BARRETT appeared) is only "a large, well-built man, with heavy, classic features," who "a great part of the time is often forcible," but who is "never thoroughly sympathetic," and whose "expression of emotion by his features is rather mechanical" than otherwise. As for the gentleman who represented the *New York Times*, he writes, like Mr. WINTER, somewhat in Ercles' vein, and is a trifle hard to understand. "Not a shade of meaning is overlooked," says he; "and though 'his [Mr. WILSON BARRETT's] powers may not be adequate to produce effects that might be produced in some stronger scenes, he aptly suggests depths of feeling he does not 'exactly simulate' ['exactly simulate' is good], and seems 'for the moment to rise to the situation, which he really 'sinks to his own artistic level.'" From this it would seem that the *Times*' critic, though not blind to his subject's faults, is anxious to make the best of things. That is by no means the case of the *Evening Post*, which opines that "it is certain" that Mr. BARRETT, in spite of his "reposeful manner" and his "sweeping gestures" (to the *Herald* man our representative is "little given to gesture"; but that is a mere detail), as of the fact that he "has all 'the ease of an experienced player,' has made a great mistake, inasmuch as he 'completely failed to justify all the 'high expectations raised by the system of advertising of 'which he has been . . . the victim.'"

A curious feature of all these criticisms is the una-

nimity of reprobation with which the authors have visited the attempt to produce a something which the world should not willingly let die of Mr. HUDSON, as the wicked Tetrarch. To many on this side the Atlantic Mr. HUDSON's assumption of Mr. IRVING was the best performance in the east. It was obviously well-meant, and as obviously it was an expression of what is proverbially the sincerest form of flattery; and the worst that could be said of it that it was not at all an improvement on its original. To the American public, more English than England herself, that is by no means a respectable view. They could see nothing in poor Mr. HUDSON's Tetrarch but a profligate and wilful burlesque of Mr. IRVING's weaknesses; they accused his manager of a deliberate essay in the art of insult; they hissed the actor's assumption of "our Mr. IRVING" soundly; if they had but known the phrase, they might have risen as one man and shouted, with ALFRED DE MUSSET, a "Récite ton rôle, 'histrion,' that would have sent the Tetrarch writhing to the wings. That in New York they should have resented as an impertinence what in London was received with laughter and a certain sort of applause is a fact that is not without significance.

THE COLLECTION OF SCHOOL FEES.

THE daily papers could hardly be wanting in efforts to make the new scheme for the collection of school fees as odious as possible. A considerable number of persons belonging to the very poorest part of the population of London have been called on to pay a small sum of money at once, or give reasons for non-payment. Their explanations have been given under circumstances which apparently made privacy impossible. Of course they are full of painful details. Such a chance for a descriptive article does not present itself often. Accordingly it has been seized and made the most of. Unfortunately, the officials engaged in carrying out the School Board's orders have also done their best to make the whole business as disagreeable as may be. They have shown a great deal of that virtue which consists in inviting publicity to the affairs of other people. The reporter has been apparently invited to attend, and stirred up to exert himself. The manners of the officials engaged in hearing and deciding on the excuses of defaulters have too commonly not been of a kind to bear description well. Some of them, at least, have thought fit to indulge in a great deal of the rough "chaff" which is the favourite manner of showing good-humour with a certain class of minds. All this the reporters have duly made public. The result is a picture in what is at least very bad taste. Accounts of how the worthy Mr. A. jocularly asked Mrs. B., a poor widow, how she got her bonnet, and C., a workman out of work, how he manages for beer, are apt to jar on the nerves of people who remember that B. and C. are very poor people, compelled to come and make open confession of their great poverty. The fact that A. himself possibly means nothing but kindness to the victims of his wit, and that they again have probably been mercifully saved by nature from nerves of painful delicacy, does not make an account of their interview less unpleasant to the reader. For the rest the Board has certainly not set its subordinates a good example. The list of questions to be asked of the defaulting parents is inquisitorial not only in a harsh, but also in an insolent, manner. It is impossible to give any excuse for a body of officials who, having to inquire whether the mother of certain children can or cannot pay certain fees, has the gross and meddlesome impertinence to ask her whether she is single. These faults in manner on the part of the whole School Board staff from top to bottom have deprived the new scheme of whatever chance of vitality it may have had. The deputation which waited on the weekly meeting of the Board on Thursday represented a public feeling at once so hostile and so strong, that it was decided not to enforce the order fully until one month hence. In other words, it will not be enforced at all. The success of an attempt to apply a stringent test depends entirely on firmness and rapidity of application. If the responsible officials yield once, they practically yield for good.

Apart from the ill-bred publicity and other defects of its application, the new scheme of the School Board may be defended with plausibility. Granted that education is not to be gratuitous, and is to be compulsory—in other words,

that all parents who can must pay a fee for the education the law requires them to give their children—then some means must be provided for compelling payment, and for granting exemptions when they are justified by circumstances. It is manifest that this cannot be done without a good deal of inquiry into the affairs of the parents. It is equally manifest that the most stringent system of inquiry is the most just and in the long run the most humane. Unquestionably it is unpleasant to hear (and we have already stated our opinion that the public need never hear) of this or the other underfed and thinly-clad woman presenting herself with a bundle of pawn-tickets as an excuse for not providing her child's school fee. Still, as the result of the inquiry is to secure her a legal exemption from future demands, it is in her interest that it should be held. No doubt scenes of this kind could be avoided by making all education free as well as compulsory. It is a defensible proposition that the compulsion ought to entail the freedom; but Parliament has decided otherwise. The School Board has no option except to try to carry out in the most efficient way the law made by the ultimate authority. When its position is taken into account, its decision to adopt the new system of collecting fees becomes quite intelligible. Up to the present the duty of enforcing payment has been left to the various district Boards. When a child presented itself on Monday without the fee, the case was reported, and the Board was left to act. Very often pressure of work caused delay. Meanwhile the child continued to attend the school, and arrears ran up. When the Board did act the parents were compelled to go a considerable distance in many cases to report themselves. If they could not satisfy the Board, they were liable to be prosecuted for refusing to send their children to school, even although the child had been in class every day during a term. Technically the failure to pay the fee was what constituted the offence of neglecting to send the child to school. Under a system of delays of this kind it is obvious that liabilities accumulated against people who could not meet them. It also follows that not a few parents who were well able to pay escaped scot free. The method was delightfully simple. They did not send the fee, and waited to be summoned. If they were, they paid. If they were not, they kept the money in their pockets. As often as not when the Board did act it proceeded against people who were proper objects of charity. Under the new system these delays, and the accumulation of liabilities, might have been avoided. Parents who failed to supply the fee could have given their reasons at the school, and not at the district Board. The remission of the fee could have been granted at once if it appeared to be deserved, and the really poor could have been at once relieved. At the same time parents in a position to pay the fee would no longer have been able to shirk the liability. On the supposition that the national system of education is to remain what Parliament has made it, this method of collecting the fees had its merits. At least it was rapid, and would have brought things to the test quickly.

Whether the whole system is to remain what it is another and a much larger question. Moreover it is one which will in all probability be brought on for discussion before long. The reports of the Inspectors of Elementary Schools, though they contain every now and then general acknowledgments of improvement, prove to whoever can read them fairly that the actual value of the training given is in the last degree doubtful. Meanwhile there is evidence and to spare, supplied almost daily, of how severely the system weighs on the poorest and weakest part of the community. Poverty-stricken parents and sickly children suffer nearly equally from it. The former are harassed for payments they can ill afford, and can only obtain remission after suffering an inquisitorial examination into their affairs. As for the children, it has been by no means proved that the worse fed among them are not damaged by being called upon to do the same amount of work as the well-nourished. In the meantime the teachers have their very legitimate causes of complaint. For the last few weeks, for instance, they have been compelled to spend days in drawing up and sending out notices. In other words, a mass of red-tape drudgery has been added to their usual work. Possibly, if things are to remain as at present, this may be inevitable. It may be the best, or even the only effectual, way of carrying on the "system"; but, if that is so, it is only one reason more why the said system should be thoroughly overhauled. Mr. DIGGLE, in his review of the history of the School Board, has

pointed out with pride a large increase in the percentage of criminals who can read and write. This is delightfully characteristic of the enthusiast for the three R's; but really it is worth while to keep up a vast and grinding machinery called the Education Department in order to be able to point with gratification to the improved "culture" of our criminal classes?

WILD LONDON.

VIOLENCE, like wisdom, cries out in the streets, and no man regards her, or at least not much. One police magistrate has at last been found to say that offences against the person should be punished with even greater severity than offences against property. But it is quite obvious that this wholesome maxim is not sufficiently observed, or else that many of our street ruffians are not caught, and therefore not dealt with at all. Before certain portions of this metropolis are "turned into a den for savage 'men,'" like the rural parts of England in the time of BACON, the police and the magistrates may perhaps be alike induced to bestir themselves. It used to be said that petty thefts must be treated with apparently disproportionate severity because they were very easy to commit, and very difficult to discover. Nothing, however, is easier than for a gang of ruffians to knock a woman down, kick her, jump upon her, and rob her. Nothing is easier, and few things in certain parts of London are more common. Even a noted pugilist may be kicked to death with comparative ease, as is shown by certain remarkable proceedings before Mr. CARTTAR and a jury at Greenwich on Tuesday last. An inquest was then and there held on the body of JOHN SMITH, "a brass-moulder by trade," but better known as "the Greenwich bruiser." This unfortunate person left his home on the morning of the last Bank Holiday to attend Croydon Races. When his wife next saw him, which was at eight o'clock the same evening, he had "two 'black eyes, pieces kicked out of his face, and lumps on 'his head.'" The evidence given before the Coroner showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that SMITH was attacked in the Greenwich Road by several roughs, who beat and kicked him with the utmost brutality, leaving him half dead. Two of these men have served two months for the assault, and are now in custody on the graver charge of wounding with malicious intent. Yet in the face of these facts the jury returned "an open verdict," being unable to trace the responsibility for SMITH's death, although the doctors ascribed it to ill-usage, and two eye-witnesses told the story of the crime. Happily the verdict of a Coroner's jury counts for little or nothing, and there is some chance that the guilty persons—guilty in law at least of manslaughter, if not murder—may be adequately recompensed for their misdeeds. Flogged they unfortunately cannot be. For there is nothing to show that SMITH was robbed, and if there is no robbery, there can be no cat. This is an unreasonable deficiency in the law, to which we have repeatedly called attention. The explanation no doubt is that flogging was prescribed by statute, in order to put down the particular offence of garrotting. But the explanation, however historically interesting, is of course no argument.

The unhappy bruiser of Greenwich, of whose melancholy fate no explanation except sheer savagery has been suggested, may perhaps not have been much better than his murderers. Pugilism has sunk to a very low ebb, and the misfortunes of pugilists do not very deeply move the minds of quiet respectable people. But we cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of a discriminating ruffianism. The wild men of the streets will not content themselves with preying upon one another. They must be put down, or they will put us down. Before we arrive at the condition of Paris, where murders have become so frequent and familiar that nobody except the Correspondents of English newspapers thinks of noticing them, it will be well to consider the desirability of protecting women against the minor offence of robbery with violence. The number of cases of this kind which have recently come into the police-courts is decidedly startling. Thus, for instance, to take only a few examples, all from the papers of the last few days, a woman in Bethnal Green Road was knocked down, and jumped upon while her purse was being taken from her pocket. Nobody came to her assistance, the inhabitants of that region apparently thinking that it was her business to pick herself

up again, capture her assailants, and recover her property. However, a policeman did at last appear, and there was an arrest. Another woman, in Stepney, was assaulted on her own doorstep, while she was actually putting the latch-key into the door, and that in broad daylight. She was knocked down, and the thief knelt upon her while he picked her pockets. A woman in the New Cut, who was similarly attacked, was struck in the face and kicked in the most brutal manner. In all these cases the prisoners have been remanded or committed, and in all it will be possible for the judge who tries them to award the "cat," which it is to be hoped that he will do. Meantime it is to be observed that boys of twelve and thirteen have become infected with the prevailing epidemic, and have taken to the road, or rather the street. Five of these promising youths, who seem to have escaped the zeal of the School Board, were brought up the other day at the Guildhall, and very properly ordered by the presiding Alderman to be birched. They had set upon another lad who was carrying a parcel, and who declared that he was "not much hurt." "They only," he said, "made my nose bleed and loosened some of my front teeth." It is much to the victim's credit that he should take such a cheerful view of the situation. But that does not alter the scandal of such things happening in the heart of the City, or the responsibility of the police for permitting them. The City is not under Sir CHARLES WARREN's jurisdiction. But, if he wants more constables in the rest of London, he ought to have them.

COLLIES AT THE AQUARIUM.

HOWEVER changeable people may be in most of their fashions, even as regards their pets, the collie fashion which set in now many years ago shows no signs of decay. On the contrary, a "Collie Club" was formed not long since, and the present show at the Aquarium is the second exhibition held under the auspices of this Club. A very good exhibition it is, though some of the most notable collies are not there. However, a good many of their progeny take their places on the Aquarium benches, and in no case is the merit of good blood so clearly shown as in the offspring of "Charlemagne," whose magnificent and well-known red sable coat and broad white collar appear on many of his children and grandchildren in more or less modified degrees. The first prize in the Challenge Class was taken by Mr. MEGSON with his champion dog "Rutland," a prematurely aged-looking dog with an immense shaggy coat of black wool, not by any means as beautiful an animal as Mr. W. R. DOCKRELL's champion "Dublin Scot," a canine edition of an Isabelline bear as regards the coat. The Collie Club Challenge Trophy for the best in all classes was also awarded to "Rutland," so no doubt he had merits which, though invisible to the world at large, were visible to the judges. Mr. MEGSON also took another apparently undeserved first prize in Class III. with "Melody," of whom it is vaguely stated in the Catalogue "Date of birth, breeder, and pedigree unknown"; and a plainer first-prize dog we have rarely seen. In Class IV. (for rough-coated dogs over two years old) were many beautiful dogs, the first prize and the Collie Club's special prize for the best dog in Classes IV. and V. falling to Mr. J. PIRIE's "Paramount," a fine animal with a light-yellow coat, though to our mind the second prize, Messrs. J. and W. CHARLES's "The Squire," a worthy son of his sire, "Charlemagne," was the best dog in the class. The vagaries of collie-breeding were well exemplified in the Rev. CHARLES KENT's "Sir James," a bullet-headed animal with a short curly woolly coat of a light red colour and with but little resemblance of any kind to a collie. In the next class, for dogs over one and under two years old, the prize-winning was again a matter of wonderment, the first prize going to Mr. J. SMITH's "K. T.," a black-and-tan animal, with that exceedingly ugly defect a "pig-nose"; while one of the most beautiful dogs in the show, Mr. A. L. CHANCE's "Julius Caesar," possessing an absolutely perfect coat of black-tipped sable with white collar, paws, and tip of tail, and a beautiful well-bred head, had to be contented with only a third prize. The puppy class, for puppies over three months and under a year, showed some good dogs, notably the winner of both first and special prizes, Mr. W. R. DOCKRELL's "Scotilla," offspring of his champion dog "Dublin Scot." It would indeed be difficult to find a more perfect puppy than this one; both the head, with the true "wild" collie setting of the ears, the bright large intelligent eyes, and fine nose, and the pale

sable coat were absolutely faultless, and we can safely prophesy a great future for this dog as he grows older. Mr. MEGSON took a second prize with "Shakespeare," a black-and-tan dog, with an underbred head; and in the same class was one of the most picturesque dogs in the show, Dr. W. JAMES's "Blue Flunkey," a beautiful dog, with a splendid coat of blue, and broad white collar, but spoiled by a rather coarse muzzle, and also by a pink "blaze" on the tip of the nose. He found but little favour with the judges, being only "commended." The Rough-coated Bitch Class was a good one, and the judges were a long time in deciding on the merits of the would-be prize-winners; to our mind Mr. F. WAKE WALKER's "Katie II.," which took second prize, showed more breeding than Mr. J. SMITH's "Dewdrop," which took the first. "Dewdrop" is much disfigured by the smallness of her eyes. The fourth prize, Mr. A. L. CHANCE's "Lady of the Lake," was good-looking enough to take higher rank. In the smooth-coated classes there were, no doubt, many excellent animals, both in the eyes of their owners and of the judges; but, to our mind, it would be hard to find a series of uglier or more villainous-looking dogs culminating in the person of the first prize, Mr. J. STEWARD's "Comet," a most awe-inspiring, lurcher-like animal, with a coat of white and brindle, and a most truculent expression. In the Novice Class there was a "blue" dog worthy of mention (though passed over by the judges), by name "Richmond Peter," with the peculiarity of a pair of eyes which were not a pair, one being hazel and the other blue. This dog's coat was splendid, though his appearance was marred by too short and blunt a head; but these "blue"-coated collies, with broad white collars, are so beautiful that we should be glad to see them become as fashionable as their black and sable brethren. The Litter Class was fairly well filled, Mr. W. R. DOCKRELL taking first prize with the litter of "Flurry II.," with whom he also took first prize in Class II.

Altogether the Show, though wanting, as we have said, in the presence of the "notables" amongst champion collies, was an interesting one, particularly as showing such very promising specimens of the rising generation as "Scotilla" and "Julius Caesar."

QUIS CUSTODIET?

CONFIDENCE is said to be a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom. It is certainly a plant of very quick growth in the breast of a Cheshire policeman. Indeed, the mushroom-like rapidity with which it sprang up behind the scenes in Sergeant GIBSON must make the law-abiding inhabitants of Cheshire wonder whether all their natural defenders are like that. It is, however, an ill wind that blows no good; and, if there is a criminal class in the county, its members should give the learned and gallant Sergeant a sumptuous entertainment as a man after their own heart. Robbing a detective ought to be prime fun, though the gentleman who tried it on the other day at the South Kensington station found it rather expensive. But to have performed upon a constable the real old "confidence trick"—none of your newfangled modern inventions, but the original dodge as it came fresh from the hands of its creator—is a feat of which JOHN MILLS has good reason to be proud. Whether MILLS is or was surprised at the result we do not pretend to conjecture. He knows, we readily acknowledge, a great deal more about the police than we do, and it is possible, as Lord WESTBURY used to say of the Vice-Chancellors, that nothing which they said or did could ever astonish him. When MILLS emerges from his place of temporary retirement—"northern latitudes" we believe it is called by the truly facetious—he may presume upon his success, and present for payment at the Bank of England a note on the Bank of Elegance, or call at Sir CHARLES WARREN's house, and say that he has been sent to bring all the plate to Scotland Yard in a cab. Chief Justice ERLE had his gold spectacles stolen off his nose in a crowd which was so dense that he could stir neither hand nor foot, an incident than which perhaps few more provoking could well be conceived. But, annoying as it was, it involved no reflection upon the sagacity of the Chief Justice, who only showed that, like Lord ESKINE, he was, in regard to some of his faculties, a finite being. BENJAMIN GIBSON, on the other hand, will bring joy to the heart of the cynic who asked why policemen and members of Parliament were so much more stupid than other people.

The question is a hard one to answer, and takes us down to the roots of things. Perhaps, like GIBSON's own conduct, it is founded on a misapprehension.

The adventures of BENJAMIN GIBSON, narrated by himself, will doubtless be for many nights to come a favourite form of entertainment in the taverns of his native county. Whether he saw the Tower of London, "fit scene of a gay "and giddy Court," as Mr. POGRAM calls it, we cannot say. He is introduced to us standing in Bridge Street, Westminster, with his back to the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, "looking at a shop-window." Something in GIBSON's appearance, probably the owl-like wisdom of his contemplative eye, attracted the attention of a stranger, who "entered into conversation" with him, as our clumsy idiom has it. GIBSON said "he had just come up from the country," a piece of information which was probably not required by his new friend. "They entered into a discussion on the "subject of agriculture," and soon entered into a public-house, where they were joined by a confederate, and the dreary farce, which it would be criminal again to describe, was played out to the end. GIBSON, having parted with his watch and money, went to another public-house, and waited for their restoration. At the end of an hour "it struck "him that he had been duped," and the Westminster clock struck one, as PRAED would say. Any satirist would have been accused of gross exaggeration who had made a policeman—even a rural policeman—sit for an hour in a London pothouse before it occurred to him that two strangers to whom he had entrusted his watch and money would not voluntarily restore the property. Whether the ray of light which suddenly "entered into" that singular mind illumined every corner of it, or only one, there is, unfortunately, nothing in the evidence to show. He "casually "mentioned the circumstance to a constable," but how much politeness permitted the constable to say we are not told. Fortune, however, sometimes favours those who scarcely deserve her intervention, and the following night GIBSON met in the Euston Road the gentleman who had inspired him with such immediate faith. After a short but painful struggle, a capture was made, for when it comes to laying hands suddenly on a malefactor, GIBSON seems to be efficient enough. In Cheshire they do not practise the confidence trick, or at least they have not practised it hitherto. "I "have read of these cases," GIBSON told Mr. VAUGHAN, "but never heard of one in our part of the country." It is to be hoped that there will not be a general invasion of Cheshire by London practitioners in needy circumstances anxious to ascertain whether all Cheshire policemen resemble Sergeant GIBSON.

"OUIDA" ON THE DOG.

THE sum of logical inconsequence and rhetorical sentimentality would not have been complete in the dog controversy without another contribution to it in the impassioned prose of "OUIDA." This it has now received in the *Daily News* of last Wednesday, and it is to be hoped that her letter may at least have the effect of deterring meaner combatants—who cannot hope to put their case with a more picturesque eloquence or with a grander disdain for the tyranny of coherent reasoning—from the fray. OUIDA claims for her conclusions the same freedom which she urges the English citizen to vindicate for himself and his dog at the hands of the police. They are under no degrading surveillance from her premisses, and rival the most independent and worst trained of all the writer's pets in their sturdy refusal to "follow." Reduced to its simplest terms, OUIDA's arguments appear to run as follows. Certain dogs, whose insanity was never clearly established, have, almost always through the gross neglect of their owners or the persons in charge of them, been taken into custody by the police. Therefore *Aux armes, citoyens!* Throw off the yoke which has been imposed upon you. If one dog was unjustly slaughtered, all dogs who have been despatched as rabid were unjustly slaughtered. There is, indeed, no such thing as *rabies*. How can there be when dogs foam at the mouth from other causes besides *rabies*, and even "roll "blazing eyes of terror" at merely being washed? And, even if there was such a disease, it would be better that the human and canine races (or the canine and human races—everybody has a right to his opinion as to the proper order of precedence, and a right to conceal it, as we do ours) should be exposed to the scourge than that policemen should be empowered to lay hands on dogs whose owners or tem-

porary custodians decline to put themselves to the slightest trouble for their protection. The deadliest disease known to humanity, "the Black Death" of DEFOE's London, the hideous Athenian plague described with such terrible power by grand old THUCYDIDES—we gladly restore this lapsed sentence to OUIDA's letter—would be public health and public peace compared with the frightful danger now hanging over England—i.e. the introduction of "the accursed "system of police espionage and police despotism."

Nothing but Dominie SAMPSON's favourite exclamation would do justice to this piece of eloquence. It is indeed prodigious, this picture of an oppressed capital, and a once free people declining rapidly into a community of crouching slaves, and all because of the refusal of a nursemaid in Kensington High Street to conform to a rule which is cheerfully obeyed every day by hundreds of thousands of people who cherish the liberties bequeathed to them by their forefathers quite as warmly as MARY ANN herself. The little dog which she was supposed to be looking after was taken to the police-station, and there—whether justly or unjustly—condemned and executed as mad. Will OUIDA kindly reconsider her argument with a view of assuring herself that the awful consequences of national demoralization will really result from so insignificant a fact, or a dozen or score of such insignificant facts, as this? With some of her opinions on the dog question in general we are in sympathy. We do not any more than she does admit the accuracy of the too famous equation between the life of "one human "being" and that of the whole canine race. To us the gusher over mankind in general is just as distasteful a person as the gusher over the "friend of man" in the abstract; and we should be as sorry to have to rely at a pinch on the friendship and active good-will of the one as we should be to entrust our dog to the care and protection, under any trying circumstances, of the other. And we agree further that, "of all the sentimentalities that are "ludicrous, egotistic, bombastic, and impudent, the cant "with which humanity worships itself is the worst." But then! Why, because there is a particularly odious form of humbug in the world, should we not co-operate in a reasonable and already very fairly successful effort to extinguish a malady which, after all, "caninity"—if we may use one of those words which, however misleading to men, will not confuse so practical a thinker as the dog—has no more interest than humanity in perpetuating? If OUIDA could dismiss the Kensington High Street case from her mind, and turn to another recently reported, in which a suspected mad dog was in the too common fashion hammered to death by policemen's truncheons; and if, desisting from vain tirades against the muzzling rule, she exerted her eloquence to procure the general adoption of some less brutal, clumsy, and lingering method of doing dogs to death, she would be doing a real service to humanity, whether with a small or with a capital "h."

A GLIMPSE OF IRISH LIFE.

MUCH valuable material for the formation of sound opinion on the Irish question is to be found in the series of "Letters from Ireland" which are now appearing in the *Times*; but it may be doubted whether anything of the writer's own composition could have approached the striking effect of the four homely documents which he set out in his letter of yesterday. Two of them are from PATRICK TANGNEY, the unfortunate man who was murdered near Killarney in June last; another is from one of his daughters, describing the commission of the crime; and the fourth is from the widow of a man who died by the hand of the assassin some six weeks ago. TANGNEY's first letter is dated as far back as September of last year, and relates the circumstances of a forcible entry made upon his house at that time by a band of armed men, who forced him on his knees, and compelled him to promise that he "would give "up everything" (he was a bog and wood ranger charged with "land-grabbing" by the League), "and not be "putting them to the trouble of coming there again." The next letter, written nearly nine months afterwards, informs his correspondent that "notices were posted along the "road into Killarney, with the drawing of a coffin and a "gun, threatening any one that would cut the bogs of "Artigallivan." Two nights afterwards TANGNEY was dragged out of bed by Moonlighters and shot. His daughter writes some days after, describing the murder in language full of that untutored force of simplicity that only the

highest art can imitate. It is worth noting that the reproach addressed by one of the murderers to his victim was, "Did you not bring us this way before?" The unhappy man pleaded that he had kept his promise; and on being taxed with "letting bogs for the landlord," he protested his innocence of the charge, and was supported in his denial by his wife and daughter. "My mother," continues the latter, "ran between my poor father and the Moonlights; one of them put the gun to her breast; she said, 'Let me go for the holy water.' At the same time another Moonlight had a gun pointed towards me, and told me to get into the room. He said, 'Go once, go twice, go the third time'; then I ran, and he fired the shot. I can't tell you any more, but he died in my arms." The widow who wrote the last letter tells how her husband had been waylaid and murdered "in broad daylight not much more than one quarter of a mile from home," and adds simply, "the cause of his murder is this—he had promised your Honour to pay rent in July; there were a few pounds he had lent his brother previous to this, and in order to keep his word with you he went to his brother's house for the money, which he did receive, and was found in his pocket after being murdered."

There are other points worthy of remark in this Letter from Ireland, notably the incident at Newcastle Junction, in County Limerick, illustrative of the high perfection of a system of Boycotting which precludes one of its victims even from buying a penny paper at a railway-station. But that darker side of the dominant terrorism which is presented in the letters on which we have commented will naturally more impress most people. Some perhaps, in these carelessly reading, unwillingly thinking days, may only now for the first time have realized the terrible realities of that "tale of wrong, chanted from an ill-used race of men" that cleave the soil," which, blunted as it has been by daily repetition in newspaper reports from Ireland, may well have begun to sound like "a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." Realizing it at last, now that they have heard it rehearsed in the rude language of the persecuted people themselves, there must, we should think, be many Englishmen who will find the eloquence of the Sextons and the O'Connors, and the other admirably well-inflated young windbags of the Irish party, even less to their taste than ever. Perhaps they may even think that, under the disgrace of that tyranny of murderous ruffianism which they have done so much to enthrone in their country, silence—abashed and ashamed silence—would better become this voluble crew of orators than even the most eloquent oratory. And, for the part of Englishmen themselves, they may possibly be of opinion that, as long as a community groans under such an incubus as now presses upon the humbler rural population of Ireland, to talk of "reforming local government" is as absurd and almost as unseemly as to talk of adorning the person of a patient stricken with a mortal disease.

WILLIAM BARNES.

THE fact that in many papers the death last week of the Rev. William Barnes was announced without further comment suggests that the peculiar merit of this very original and very charming poet cannot be widely recognized. It is true that no man in our advertising age took less trouble to make himself known or restricted himself more rigidly to the pastoral circle that he had made his own. It used to be said, we know not with what share of literal truth, that Mr. Barnes during his long life never once set foot in London. He took a vivid interest in the general affairs of the world, but he declined to take any part in them. His ambition in travelling was satisfied by a trip from his parsonage, in the valley of the Frome, to Beaminster or Sturminster. He would speak, years after the event, as of an historical excursion, of a journey so far as to Shaftesbury, and the frontiers of Dorset hemmed him in as the mountains of Abyssinia did Rasselas, but without ever exciting a like restlessness. Mr. Barnes was essentially a local figure; he wrote in what his people called "the Dorset dialogue," and he was well content to be the Dorset Poet. None the less is he an English poet of high note, and now that he has passed away we may consider what place he takes in English literature. As time goes on, and reduces the proportions of more noisy reputations, it will probably appear that this place will grow more and more marked. There is no doubt that he is the best pastoral poet we possess, the most sincere, the most genuine, the most Theocritean; and that the dialect is but a very thin veil hiding from us some of the most delicate and finished verse written in our time.

It is a question, however, whether we may claim Mr. Barnes for the present age. Born in 1800, and led very early to express himself in verse, his earliest poems, and some of his most characteristic, were written before Keats died and when Lord Tennyson was still a child. He really belongs to the great generation—the age of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron. The simple bibliography of his poems is soon told, and may be given in the present connexion. He was already in middle life when, in 1844, his first volume, *Poems of Rural Life*, was given to the public. Of the contents of this volume, we have it from his own lips that a principal portion had existed in MS. since 1825. The success of this book, most timidly launched upon the world, led to the printing of *Hwomey Rhymes* in 1859; and this, again, was followed by *Poems in the Dorset Dialect* in 1862. The complete volume of Mr. Barnes's verse, now published under the title of *Poems of Rural Life* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a collection of these three sets of miscellaneous pieces. It may here be mentioned, once for all, that Mr. Barnes was ambitious to be considered a poet in ordinary English, and even published a volume so written. This, however, was not less unlucky than were the effusions of Burns when he strayed from his native Doric. They read like translations out of some original, and as though Mr. Barnes—which was very probably the case—had thought them out in Dorset, and then had translated them. His art and magic, which are so remarkable in the dialect pieces, left him at once when he tried the common English.

Mr. Barnes secured his high position by doing one little thing supremely well. He had no ambition to distract him from his genuine field, the pastoral life of his native county; and even his English verses have the negative merit that they keep within these bounds. He had peculiar opportunities for dealing with this theme. He was not a peasant himself; but he belonged to a good family which had gradually sunk further and further into poverty until it came to occupy and to work one small farm in the Vale of Blackmore. Mr. Barnes was almost more confined in his scope than is indicated by the title of the Dorset poet. He loved the whole county, and in later life he consented to be the laureate of the valley of the Frome, but his real locality was the broad vale of Blackmore. His poems exhale the very perfume of the flowery banks of Stour, and he triumphs in knowing nothing else worth knowing. He says:—

The air that I've a breath'd did shake
The draps o' rain upon the breake,
An' bear aloft the swingin' lark,
An' huffe roun' the elem's bark,
In boughy grove, an' woody park,
An' brought us, down the dewy dells,
The high-wound zongs of nightingales,
An' sounds o' flowen water.

The themes of Mr. Barnes's poems will be found to be no less limited in scope than their locality. The joys and sorrows of the rural poor, their holiday escapades, their loves and junketings, their superstitions and obstinate attachments, their dumb resentment of the tyranny of the rich, these are the subjects which recur again and again in the setting of Mr. Barnes's fresh green landscape, with its dark streams, bewildered foliage, and mossy homesteads. One principal charm of his work is its total freedom from priggishness or self-consciousness. The reader is never reminded for a moment of the educated man who composes the poem. The objective character of the piece is preserved untouched, or if, in the nature of things, the sentiment is a subjective one, the author speaks not in his own person, but in that of a Dorsetshire man or girl. We do not recollect a single piece in all his volumes in which the clergyman peeps through the mantle of the poet, not one in which there is the slightest suspicion of patronage or of superior unction. Mr. Barnes seldom moralizes; he leaves his tale to preach its own sermon. His early poems are curiously devoid even of satire, and though in later years he wrote such striking and even caustic comments upon social disorders as "The Leane" and "The Child an' the Mowers," and even the wonderfully pathetic piece called "The Love Child," these are expressed with the utmost naïveté. The idyls in which he describes the pastimes of the Dorset peasant, games and sports which are now fast dying out before the railroad, show him at his very wholesomest and best, rejoicing in the simple joys of others with the unreflecting blitheness of a child.

The execution of Mr. Barnes's poems is very fine and singularly uniform. His early self-instruction in Greek first set him rhyming, and Theocritus and Homer, his earliest teachers, gave him at starting something of the Greek shapeliness in combination with the Greek simplicity. He was never a student of modern English verse; his own style was well formed before Wordsworth, with whom he has some superficial relation, came within his ken. There is no recent English poet so completely independent of surrounding influences. His simplicity and regularity of style make it difficult to exemplify his art by short quotations. A certain number of his lyrics have found their way into collections, and may be said to be fairly well known. In his first volume there are perhaps more of these completely happy examples than in the later ones, but it is to his last and least known collection that we turn for the perfectly felicitous and novel landscape of "Went Hwome":—

Up the slope, the hedge did bound
The field w' blossom-whited side,
An' charlock-patches, yellow-dyed,
Did reach along the white-soil'd ground;

An' vo'k, a-comen up vrom meid,
Brought gil' cup meal upon the shoe;
Or went on where the road did leid,
Wi' smeechy dust from heel to toot,
As noon did smite,
Wi' burnen light,
The road so white
To Meldonley.

It is the privilege of every poet to have his own peculiar flower. Mr. Barnes, who is especially the lyrist of runnels, of little tributary rivers, had a blossom which was to him all that the lesser celandine could be to Wordsworth. This was the water-crowfoot, the little ranunculus which spreads its starry flowers on a network of leaves and stalks over the surface of our brooks. He addresses to it some of his most charming verses:—

O small-fæc'd flow'r that now dost bloom
To stud wi' white the shallow Frome,
An' leive the clote to spread his flow'r
On darksome pools o' stowneless Stour,
When sofly-riæn airs do cool
The water in the sheenën pool,
Thy beds o' snow-white buds do gleam
So feir upon the sky-blue stream,
As whitest clouds, a-hangën high
Avore the blueness of the sky.

The non-Dorset reader may be glad to be informed that the "clote," which occurs very frequently in the pages of Mr. Barnes, is the yellow water-lily. From this word a useful adjective is formed, and we read of the "clotey brooks" of Blackmore.

The life of Mr. Barnes was a singularly peaceful one. With the particulars of his early career we are not acquainted, and we believe that no account of them has ever been given to the public. From what his verses tell us we gather that his early years were spent in study, in great retirement, within the precincts of the paternal farm near Sturminster Newton. His poems are particularly rich in pleasant and touching recollections of the hamlets which surround this little market-town. He became, but we know not at what date, a schoolmaster in Dorchester, and at the mature age of forty-seven he took orders in the Church of England. He became curate of the almost microscopical parish of Whitecombe, whose little church is now fallen into disuse, and may presently fall into ruin. This cure did not separate the poet from his work in Dorchester. In 1862 he was instituted to the rectory of Winterbourne Came, an adjoining parish; and he held this trifling living, with that of Whitcombe, till the day of his death, seeking no promotion in the Church, but well satisfied with the lot which had secured to him a little bower in the heart of his beloved county. Although Winterbourne Came is within an easy walk of Dorchester, Mr. Barnes lived in a great seclusion. Those who have seen him of late years will recollect him as one of the most picturesque of modern figures, walking about his parish, and even, on rare occasions of a fair-day, appearing in Dorchester, with the knee-breeches and buckled shoes which had been going out of fashion in his very childhood. It may safely be said that now Mr. Barnes is gone there is no one left in Dorset to wear the garb of the eighteenth century. Until about a year ago he continued to carry on, at the age of eighty-five, the ordinary vocations of his life. He walked about his garden, preached to his slender congregation from a diminutive pulpit on Sundays, and busied his brain with the linguistic puzzles which had always amused him. Indeed, the poet had given place, in a great degree, to the student of dialect and the local antiquarian. He was eager to talk, but was more ready to speak of his glossaries, his odd volume called *Tivo*, and his contributions to grammar, than of his verses. We have critics among us who think that poetry has all gone wrong since the days of Crabbe. Mr. Barnes thought English prose had been all astray since the days of Wiclif. In these occupations he was wearing away a green and vigorous old age, when about a year ago he caught, by rash exposure, a severe cold. It has taken a year, even under these circumstances and at the confines of ninety, to break down so superb a constitution. Strangely enough, in one of his first poems, he expressed a desire respecting his own death which has been very exactly fulfilled. In an address to May he said:—

O! when, at last, my fleshly eyes
Shall shut upon the yields an' skies,
Mid zummer's sunny days be gone,
An' winter's clouds be comen on:
Nor mid I draw upon the e'rh,
O' thy sweet air my leitest breath;
Alasse I mid want to stay
Behin' for thee, O flow'ry May!

Little more than a month ago, when the present writer took leave of him, the intellect was beginning to be clouded indeed, but the lovely cheerful light was on the fading mind, and the old poet whose wish was so soon to be granted still babbled of the sunlight in the Vale of Blackmore, of the lovers wandering along the banks of "clotey Stour," of the pheasants roosting in the boughs of the trees, and almost his latest words were words in praise of Dorset.

PREPOTENZA.

IT is not easy to translate the word *prepotenza* into English, because the thing that it signifies is fortunately unknown among us. What illegitimate authority is still exercised is here confined to single circles or single cases, and it is carefully hidden

from the light of day. In a great part of Southern Italy it is publicly paraded, and affects the whole life of the people. The foreigner who keeps on the beaten track is rarely brought into contact with it; indeed, he may live for years in the larger towns without being aware of its existence; but if he settles in the country or in a village, and is engaged in any task which brings him into contact with his neighbours—if he desires to introduce new methods of cultivation, to improve the condition of the poor, or even to make himself familiar with the archæology of the district—he will soon become conscious of an influence that either furthers or opposes his plans. If he is a stranger of means whose designs threaten no established interest, the probability is that the former will at first be the case; but in due time he will be given to understand that a return is expected for the assistance he has received, and that his moral support on such or such an occasion will be highly valued. If it is refused, he will find himself surrounded by unexpected difficulties. There may be no illegal act of which he can complain, but everywhere a sullen coldness has taken the place of the ready warmth to which he has been accustomed. The proprietor of the piece of land which he requires, who only a week before was eager to sell it, suddenly discovers another use for it. The shopkeeper who was anxious to secure his custom and always punctual in executing his orders, becomes dilatory; the very tone of his own workmen changes. He soon learns, though after years he might find it difficult to prove, that all this is due to the *prepotenza* of one or more of his neighbours.

The whole character of the Southern Italians renders them an easy prey to such influences. For the most part, though by no means lazy, they are fond of pleasure and averse to trouble. They are passionate, but their anger soon dies away, unless they have been subjected to a serious wrong or insult, and the abuse of those who are enraged is soon forgotten. They have none of the independence of Northern nations; they can see no harm in begging; and their first impulse is to obey, not to resent, any command that does not cause them too much loss or inconvenience. They bear poverty, deprivation, and ill-treatment with great patience and even humour; history has shown how often, when goaded into fury, they have turned with irresistible courage upon their oppressors, and how frightfully they have abused their victories; but as soon as the intolerable wrong was removed, and the momentary passion had blazed itself out, they have always sunk back into their old condition, as if incapable of the exertion of a long-continued opposition. Yet among all classes of this easy-going population men are occasionally born of great decision of character and an extraordinary tenacity of purpose. When they have enjoyed the advantages of a fair education and a favourable position, these frequently become men of mark and do good work in the world; but, when they are confined within narrow limits, all their other instincts seem to be swallowed up by the desire to reduce those who surround them to subjection.

The influence which they exercise must not be confounded with that which will always belong to wealth, or with the respect which the Italians of the lower class feel for an ancient lineage. It is founded on fear alone, and produces as little good as any condition of human life can. Italian patriots own that it is the greatest social curse of the country; but it is hardly possible to frame laws that would entirely meet the evil. Youths in the lower classes will occasionally endeavour to assert their superiority to their fellows by force; but they soon learn that strength, courage, and a knowledge of all the mysteries of stabbing will not alone secure the position they desire, and choose other means of asserting themselves which do not bring them within the grasp of the law. Patience and a good memory for injuries are the two qualities chiefly required. In a small community the opportunity of repaying an affront with interest in a perfectly lawful way will always come to him who knows how to remember and to wait; and in a society like that of Southern Italy, where small contraventions of the law are the rule rather than the exception, the patience of the avenger is rarely put to a severe test. If he is wise in his own generation, he will make his first blow as telling as possible; but he must not rest satisfied with it. Week by week and month by month he must keep his attention concentrated on his victim, and allow no opportunity to pass by of injuring, or at least of annoying, him. He must endeavour to discover if he has a knife of the forbidden length, or if he now and then smuggles a fowl or a piece of meat into the town without paying duty upon it, and he must secretly inform the police of the facts. When once his character for implacability is established, his position is almost won. There is nothing that his neighbours dread more than a quiet, patient enemy who is always watching for an opportunity to do them an ill turn, and they are ready to buy off his enmity by furthering his designs.

Of course even such a position as this is not to be attained without danger. Many a young man who is found dead in the streets or on the country roads has lost his life in the endeavour to establish his authority; for, to an Italian, the knife seems the most natural answer to such pretensions. When the quieter part of his neighbourhood has been reduced to submission, the aspirant to power finds himself face to face with those who are animated by the same ambition that sways him, and then he must either make an arrangement with them or a new and fiercer struggle begins, in which intelligence is of at least as great a value as courage, strength, and pertinacity. At times the struggle becomes so bitter that those who have hitherto been subjected gain courage to throw off the yoke; but more frequently

one of the rivals gains a certain advantage over the rest and then comes to terms with them.

Such is prepotenza in its simplest form among the lower classes. Those who stand higher in the social scale are obliged to adopt other means, though the spirit by which they are actuated is nearly the same, and there is no great difference in the general principles of their procedure. Each uses the weapons which lie readiest to his hand. Thus the railway official who desires to punish a townsman can find a thousand ways of annoying him without overstepping the rights of his office. On all the lines there are a number of regulations which are not intended to be rigidly enforced, but only to be held in reserve for cases of emergency; these can all be brought to bear on the man whom it is desirable to reduce to subjection. The ticket-office can be closed in his face just as he is entering the room exactly five minutes before the train starts; all the tiresome formalities with respect to luggage and packages which are usually treated as a dead letter may be scrupulously enforced in his case, and so on. If complaints are made, it is usually found that the official has acted strictly within the law, and that he is the ablest and most punctual servant the Company has in the district; so that his authority is re-established and his victim left more entirely in his power than before. We have taken the railway service merely as an example, not because the evil is more widely spread there than elsewhere. The only great public bodies which are generally believed to be free from every taint of it are the officers of the army and navy and the *carabinieri* of all ranks, and this is one of the reasons of the universal respect felt for them.

It is, however, in the country, particularly in those districts of the South which are far removed from any great city, that prepotenza assumes its worst and most dangerous form. If the landed proprietors are at variance, the whole country-side is divided by their feud; if they are united, their will has all the force of law. The rest of the population, poor, ignorant, and frequently dependent, have no means of asserting their rights, and so they may be subjected to almost any oppression. It is believed by many that the sympathy felt by the poor for the banditti was chiefly due to this cause. The eyes of the more serious public men in Italy are open to all the dangers involved in this condition of things; but the evil is of so old a standing, and has eaten its way so deeply into the life of the people, that it is difficult to discover a cure. What is wanted is probably an administrative reform rather than new legislation. The laws are already strong enough to meet the worst abuses if only they could be brought to bear; but the life of the small tenants of Southern Italy, their thoughts, their aspirations, their wrongs, and their wants, are absolutely unknown in the world of Italian culture. Men who would be ashamed to be ignorant as to any ascertained fact with respect to the usages of a Central African tribe know nothing as to how their own fellow-countrymen in Apulia, the Basilicata, Calabria, and the greater part of Sicily live. It is the interest of the stewards of the great estates and the proprietors who reside on the smaller ones to keep matters as dark and quiet as possible. The only men of any education and disinterestedness with whom the peasants are brought into personal contact are the priests, and they are forbidden by their ecclesiastical superiors to take any part in politics. The toiling and suffering millions are therefore dumb, or would be so but for the little band of comparatively young but gifted men who make it a matter of conscience to plead their cause in the press and Parliament, and several of whom have at some danger to themselves and great inconvenience inquired personally into the facts.

To the foreigner the whole interest that prepotenza in any form can excite lies in the explanation it affords of many anomalies in the social life, and the light it throws on the character of the population of Southern Italy. It is only on such soil that secret societies like the Camorra and the Mafia, which are little more than an organized prepotenza, could flourish; it is only under such conditions that the strange contrasts of Southern character are fully displayed. It is hardly too much to say that, if the qualities which enable men to exercise an illegitimate authority or induce them to submit to it were strictly hereditary, every class would be divided into rulers and slaves. They do frequently run in families, so that for generations the descendants of a fisherman or a peasant, much dreaded and perhaps respected in his own day, will assert their position until it comes to be regarded as a natural right, and that without any of the advantages that money confers; but for the most part in the lower classes it is the enterprising upstart who reigns supreme. The contrast on which we have dwelt may also perhaps serve to explain the strange differences in the estimate formed by foreigners who have resided long in the country as to the national character, as each will naturally judge it by the individuals with whom he is chiefly brought into contact. It may be added that imperiousness of temper is said to be more common in the mountains, especially in Calabria, than on the plains, and that this is the cause of the bitter feuds that there divide family from family and village from village; but this statement, though it is often made with confidence, does not seem to rest on adequate proof. In practice the best advice that can be given to an Englishman is to have as little to do with prepotenza as he can. If he is on a mere visit to the country, there is no reason why he should know or take any notice of its existence. He is not, as he sometimes seems to suppose, divinely called to be the universal saviour of society, and the village tyrants for the most part confine their ambition to ruling their neighbours, and do not aspire to the larger aim of oppressing strangers. The Englishman who settles

in the country is of course placed in a different position. He has to reckon with the elements that surround him, and in doing so much will depend on his tact and judgment. It is said by those who ought to know that the best plan is for him to secure a following large enough to render him formidable to his neighbours, and this he can always do if he has inspired the lower classes with a belief in his power and his resolution. They obey only from fear, and as soon as they can find a leader they are ready enough to revolt. On the other hand, the very worst thing that a traveller can do is to incite single persons to rebel against the action of their superiors, even if it is illegal. In the most favourable case, when he has time, patience, and money enough to fight the case out in the Italian courts, and wins it, he will leave the man who trusted in him in the same position as the boy whom Don Quixote saved from a beating. It is not the single high-handed act which the stranger opposes, but a social condition with which the Italians think that no foreigner has any business to meddle.

THE POLITICAL PROWLING BOY.

THE movements of statesmen occupy public curiosity just now. Politicians have their migrations, like swallows and storks, and other creatures *feræ nature*, and usually in autumn and winter seek milder climates than England offers. Lord Randolph Churchill has apparently been to Berlin for pleasure—why did he not try Peebles? But he has so frisked about that, like the agile animal in the well-known negro story, it has been impossible to identify him. The panting reporter has toiled after him in vain. As Marcellus and his associates remark of the very locomotive ghost in *Hamlet*, "He's here—he's there—he's gone"; the assailants vainly strike at him with their partisans, and the place at which they aim is empty. Lord Randolph has added ubiquity to his other accomplishments. When he was looked for in Berlin, he was in Dresden. "Dresden," says Hume in one of his essays, "and not Hamburg, is the centre of politeness in Germany." Perhaps this is why Lord Randolph visited Dresden. He did not take the opportunity of testing Hume's comparative estimate, but sped on to Prague, thence he fared to Vienna. Mr. Chamberlain, reversing the procedure of the wise men, has betaken himself not from—which would have been impossible—but to the East, and has brought Birmingham to Constantinople. The Cubicularian family travels in state. Mr. Joseph, who may be considered a sort of Lord High Chamberlain, is accompanied by his brother Mr. Richard, as Mr. Sampson Brass designated his clerk, and by his son Mr. Austen, is attended by Mr. Jesse Collings, and is watched by a polyglot courier-detective. Now the Turk will have an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, what the higher civilization of England really is. Even before Birmingham became the capital of the country, Warwickshire, according to its poet, was "the shire which we the heart of England well may call," and the county "which so brave spirits has bred" as William Shakespeare and Joseph Chamberlain has a double claim to primacy. The other sheafs bow down before Joseph's.

A more interesting fact is announced than those with which we have trifled before venturing to approach it. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, it is formally stated, is about to visit India. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is one of the most curious political phenomena of his time and country, or indeed of any time and country. Like the science of politics in Count Smolstork's definition, he surprises by himself. Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit, in the editorial rooms of the New York Rowdy Journal, was delighted to see the editor's little boy, as he supposed Mr. Jefferson Brick to be, playing at editor, in all the guilelessness of childhood. The British public, or a portion of it, apparently delights in seeing the ex-Prime Minister's little boy playing at being a statesman. The spectacle has its amusing side, and if Mr. Herbert Gladstone simply cut his own fingers with the edged tools which he is in the habit of using, or only set himself on fire with the lucifer matches, or blew himself up with the dynamite which he carries about with him, there would be room for no other feeling than amusement. The ridiculous mouse emerging from the mountain side no doubt considered itself the greatest birth of time. But it is impossible to take this disinterested and cheerful view of Mr. Herbert's light-hearted adventures. The feeling which Sir Francis Doyle, in his newly-published and most interesting volume of *Reminiscences and Opinions*, expresses with regard to him, is that of most observers. It has the essence of tragedy in it. It is compounded of pity and terror. He sees him dictating the course of elderly gentlemen, like Sir Thomas Acland, who were high Tories when Mr. Gladstone senior was a high Tory, and marshalling them in the same ranks with Mr. Parnell, and he is lost in wonder. Since the time of Themistocles's boy, there was never anything like it. Themistocles's boy, however, was not a patch upon Mr. Herbert Gladstone. The reasoning by which the Athenian statesman proved that his son ruled Greece was an example of the fallacy known by logicians as the undistributed middle. But Mr. Herbert Gladstone really does bear an important part—absurd as it seems—in the government of England. It is out of the mouth of this political babe and suckling that the grandest of Grand Old Men is believed to draw wisdom. A phenomenon of this kind is not uncommon in private life, and the parental hallucination is then harmless and even

touching. But when it is transferred to public affairs, the matter has a very different aspect. The step from the sublime to the ridiculous is not more easily made than that from the ridiculous to the dangerous. Every one knows how Mr. Herbert Gladstone was occupying himself this time last year, or a little earlier than this time last year. Is the visit to India a preparation for the raising next Session of the question of Indian Home Rule? Is Mr. Herbert Gladstone furnished with manuscripts headed "I. My father thinks"—this; "II. My father thinks"—that; "III. My father thinks"—the other, for submission to the mild Hindoo or the sturdy Mahomedan?

Young Bengal is quite ripe for revolutionary suggestions. For aught anybody knows, Mr. Gladstone's mind may have been working in this direction for sixteen years. In 1887 we may have another fragment of autobiography—a mixture of *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit*, the *Dichtung* predominating—tracing the growth of another idea, and pointing out, with the aid of italics, and by the conversion of innocent generalities into alarming specifications, suggestions which suggested nothing, and warnings which were intended not to admonish. It is rather ridiculous to have to treat Mr. Herbert Gladstone seriously, but the light-hearted lout who sets a haystack on fire for the pleasure of seeing it blaze, or the foolish, irresponsible 'Arry who smokes his cigar in a powder-magazine, is as dangerous as if he really meant mischief, or knew what he was about. A former Administration refused to let Mr. Wilfrid Blunt land in Egypt. The Maharajah Dhuleep Sing was stopped on his way to India. We are afraid that similar measures of precaution cannot be taken in the case of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. The *patria potestas*, however, may yet be invoked. Emulating the prudent example of the father of Norval, Mr. Gladstone may possibly see the propriety of keeping his son at home on the Welsh hills. There are still trees to be felled in Hawarden; and semi-seditious nonsense talked on English platforms is less mischievous than semi-seditious nonsense whispered into the ears of semi-Europeanized Bengalees. The hero of *Great Expectations* was called "the prowling boy." Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who is not without his great expectations, which may issue in great disappointments, is the prowling boy of politics. But he ought to prowl at home. The Hugli—that, we believe, is the way to spell it—is more inflammable than the Thames, or than the Aire, or even than the Liffey, and gunpowder is already invented. Mr. Herbert Gladstone really ought not to be trusted alone in India. Somebody ought to go with him to see that he does not get into mischief. If Mr. Chamberlain has a detective, Mr. Herbert Gladstone ought to have a preventive. Let Lord Dufferin look to it. We ought perhaps to apologize for saying so much about Mr. Herbert Gladstone. But the maxim *de minimis* does not apply in politics. The infinitely little may be the infinitely dangerous or the infinitely vexatious.

THE CHANTILLY BEQUEST.

THE Duc d'Aumale has responded by a crushing blow to the unmerited indignity offered by the French Republic to the House of France; he has requited the penalty of ostracism inflicted on the Orleans Princes as a sop to the tyrannous rancour of the extreme Republican party by dowering the land of his birth with the most splendid, the rarest gift ever offered to a nation by an individual. The manner of the unique gift, too, is marked by a calm dignity, the terms in which it is expressed reveal a regretful patriotism, which still further enhance its value, and must render the action of the princely donor yet more galling to those upon whom he heaps coals of fire. It is now made known to the world that on the 3rd of June, 1884—that is to say, when no threat of expulsion was even in the air—the Duc d'Aumale executed in perfect legal form a will bequeathing to the Institut de France, of which learned body he was a member, the domain and Chateau of Chantilly, with all its libraries, artistic and historical collections, and contents, as they might exist at the day of his death. Now, still smarting under the unprecedented insult offered to him as a soldier, in addition to the proscription in which, with the rest of the House of Orleans, he is enveloped, he has declared his intention of converting his bequest into a *donation entre vifs*, so as to confer on the Institut the immediate property in the objects of the bequest, subject to the usufruct which he reserves to himself during his life.

It were idle to deny that the Prince, while accomplishing an unexampled act of self-sacrifice, while gratifying the noblest instincts of a patriotism which rises superior to persecution and petty insult, has succeeded to admiration in gratifying his resentment by the most legitimate means, in so far as he has placed the Government of the day in a strangely humiliating position, while he has adopted a most admirable plan for perpetuating and keeping constantly before the eyes of the world the great traditions of his royal house. The Institut being, by its original constitution and by French law, precluded from holding the property transferred to and carrying out the behests enjoined on it under the gift, save with the express authority of the French Government, must now apply to that Government to authorize and confirm the acceptance by it of the donation of which it is in a manner constituted a trustee for the French nation. Though the powers that be have not yet given a formal assent, it can hardly be possible that, whatever pressure may be put upon them by pure patriots, who would

prefer the prospect of absolute confiscation, untrammelled by conditions, at some future period, they will venture to withhold from France and the whole civilized world the benefits so generously proffered; and yet certain express conditions of the gift, though they are not in themselves onerous, and are such as a necessarily conservative body like the illustrious Institut would probably take peculiar pleasure in causing to be observed, are calculated to sting to the very quick certain parties in a Republic constituted as that of France is at present. Thus the patriots, or those who now obey their behests, must sanction the condition that the destination of the Chapel of the Chateau is to be strictly preserved, that it is to retain all its magnificent art furniture and appurtenances, that mass is to be said there on Sundays and festival days, and especially on certain anniversaries of which a list is to be furnished to the testamentary executors; what these anniversaries thus prudently left unspecified will be it is, in the circumstances, not very hard to guess. Above all, the donees must "*veiller sur les cœurs des Condés qui y sont contenus*"; and, further, the collections of Chantilly are to be known henceforth as the "*Musée Condé*," under which designation they are at certain times and under certain conditions to be open to the public, while at all times they are to be placed at the disposal of students, men of letters, and artists. Apart from the mere money value of the donation, which, however, is enormous—the domain itself being estimated at thirty millions of francs, and the collections brought together in the magnificent Chateau at fifteen millions or more—it is impossible to overrate the unique interest which Chantilly and everything connected with it must possess, not only for the architect, the bibliophile, the art student, the dilettante, but for every true Frenchman, mindful of the past but ineffaceable glories of his country, and not absolutely blinded by party hatred and the prejudices to which the shifting events of the moment may give rise.

Of the Chateau, constructed by Jean Bullant for the famous Connétable Anne de Montmorency, nothing remains but the exquisite Châtelet, a perfect specimen of the early French Renaissance, and the palace constructed by Le Nôtre for the Great Condé, in the style of Louis XIV., on the site of the purposely destroyed Chateau, was in its turn completely swept away in 1793 during the Terror. In the new buildings, erected under the loving care of the Duc d'Aumale on the ruins of the former palace, the style of the Renaissance Chateau has, so far as has been possible, been adhered to with scrupulous care, though without any undue attempt to falsify or correct history, by modifying, for instance, such grandiose constructions as the celebrated stables erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Louis-Henri de Bourbon, as a separate annexe to the palace. The Duke, who has recounted, with an enthusiasm and pride tempered with impartiality, the exploits of his most illustrious ancestor, has specially set aside in the Châtelet a noble saloon, the *Galerie des Batailles*, for the apotheosis of the famous captain; and there, perpetuated by paintings illustrating some of the most glorious events in his career, and made vivid by magnificent trophies of arms no less appropriate, the memory of the Great Condé, who passed the later years of his life at Chantilly, and there enjoyed the society of Bossuet, of Racine, of Boileau, cannot easily fade. To enumerate the artistic treasures of all kinds of which France now becomes the possessor would require, not an article, but a thick volume. These are not only priceless, and of the vastest extent, but they are ordered and classified with exquisite taste, and rather for the purposes of study than of indiscriminate display. Among the masterpieces which the picture gallery contains are two of the most famous of the small works of Raphael, the "*Madone de la Maison d'Orléans*" and the "*Three Graces*," the latter recently acquired from the representatives of the late Lord Dudley, at a price absolutely without precedent, considering the exceedingly small dimensions of the picture. These celebrated jewels of the collection are too well known to need further description; they have both appeared at the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and are both in the most perfect condition. At Chantilly is also the strangely fascinating portrait of Simonetta Vespucci, the ill-fated mistress of Giuliano de' Medici. This picture, the only absolutely authenticated presentment of the beautiful Florentine, and a work to which most of the great names of which Florence made boast in the last quarter of the fifteenth century have in turn been tacked, is now given by some to Antonio Pollajuolo, by others, to the insufficiently-known Piero di Cosimo. Many Italian works of great interest, formerly the property of a well-known amateur, M. Reiset, have passed into the collection. Among the most recent additions to it is a so-called Memling, a charming work which was the gem of the Fuller-Russell collection, though the correctness of the attribution to the Bruges master has been denied by some German critics. The French schools, both ancient and modern, are of course richly represented. We find works of Poussin and Mignard, the decorations known as "*Singeries*" of Watteau, the "*Déjeuners*" of Lancret, and, in a later style, the "*Portrait de Bonaparte*" of Gérard, a whole series of designs by Prud'hon, the "*Stratonice*" of Ingres, the "*Deux Foscari*" of Eugène Delacroix. The modern section includes, among many other fine things, two important decorative works by the late Paul Baudry, the "*St. Hubert*," represented with the features of the Duc de Chartres, and an exquisite plafond showing *Psyche borne to Olympus* by *Hermes*. The park is adorned by decorative works from the chisel of M. Chapu, and the terrace will be graced by the equestrian statue of the Connétable Anne de Montmorency, by

M. Paul Dubois, a model of which appeared at the last Salon; this work will occupy the exact place formerly filled by the celebrated bronze statue of the Constable destroyed during the Revolution. The chapel contains with other treasures the famous altar by Jean Goujon, brought from the Constable's château of Ecouen, whence came also the two famous series of stained-glass windows of the period of the matured French Renaissance. Among the manuscripts may be mentioned one of the most famous in existence, the *Grandes Heures du Duc de Berri*, which is perhaps, with the exception of the now partly dismembered *Livre d'Heures d'Etienne Chevalier* by Jehan Fouquet, the finest illuminated book produced in France during the fifteenth century. The archives of the Condés, of which the Duc d'Aumale has already made admirable use in tracing the history of their exploits, must further prove of great value for the general history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But little can be said here of the very choice and extensive collection of drawings by the Old Masters, which includes, among other things, many famous examples formerly belonging to M. Reiset, as well as the interesting collection of crayon portraits of French personages belonging to the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries acquired from the Duke of Sutherland, of which series another section is still preserved at Castle Howard.

It is luckily expressly stipulated in the bequest, which has now become a donation, that no portion of the collection of Chantilly is to be sold, exchanged, or disposed of; though, on the other hand, it will be part of the duty of the Institut to employ the surplus revenues in enlarging and completing the different sections into which the donor has divided his artistic and literary treasures. It is devoutly to be hoped that the power of selection will be delegated to the most competent persons available, whether within or without the sacred precincts of the Institut, and that nothing will be introduced into the collection which is not thoroughly worthy to be placed in conjunction with its contents, or which is in any degree likely to jar with the unique associations which the donor has so sedulously and so nobly sought to preserve. Finally, it may be permitted to express the hope that the Duc d'Aumale may long enjoy the usufruct which he has wisely reserved to himself during his life, and may enjoy it in fact, and not in name only. For an act of such noble and disinterested generosity as that just revealed to France and to the world should surely cause the impetuous countrymen of the French Princes to reflect, and having reflected, to become aware how base and how utterly useless is the act of injustice against some of their best and truest citizens into which, by a group of miserable, scared demagogues, distrustful of themselves and their cause, they have allowed themselves to be led.

ANECDOTES IN THE ESSAYISTS.

THOUGH few of us "give our days and nights to the volumes of Addison," we cannot take down from our shelves a volume of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, or *Guardian* without acknowledging that these papers are still capital reading. The style, with its grace, vivacity, and art, is "a peculiar" of the age, and has a taste which dwells on the palate with a flavour we do not readily tire of and seldom find elsewhere. But, besides this charm in the manner of writing, there is a surprising variety of subject in the volumes. The correspondents have a distinct identity. The characters—take Arietta or Iru or Will Wimple as examples—are painted truthfully, with a tinge of irony just severe enough for the purpose. Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends are masterpieces, all the world allows; but the lesser articles are full of wit, and even the weekly moralities throw up the lighter figures and fancies with becoming relief and projection. Perhaps, however, one attractive feature of the Essayists has not received the notice it deserves; it is the aptness and point of their frequent anecdotes. These are borrowed from various sources, and always fitted in so deftly that we are never induced to believe the subject of the essay was chosen for the sake of the story. Take two instances, "The Upright Sultan" and "Rhæcus and the Bee," which have suggested subjects for poems to Archbishop Trench and Mr. Lowell. The first, wherein the Sultan orders the flambeaux to be extinguished, in order that he may not be betrayed into leniency in the case of a criminal on whom he had to inflict death, lest he should prove to be a son, illustrates forcibly the impartiality of a righteous judge, and points with trenchant effect the moral of an essay on justice. The second story from Apollonius, of the youth and the Hamadryad, is an appropriate conclusion in the classical taste to a paper on trees. Let the reader look up the legend in No. 589 of the *Spectator* and then re-read the poem of Mr. Lowell, which illustrates how

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

There are, of course, many time-honoured tales from classical sources like Gyges, Androcles and the lion, Arria and Pætus, &c., in the Essayists; but there is proof that Addison and Steele read widely beyond the limits of the school authors; and in one of the essays there is quite as good a fable from Pilpay, "The Traveller and the Adder," as that which Macaulay quoted to confound

Montgomery. The story of a dervish who strays into a king's palace to sleep, is rebuked by the courtiers for treating the king's house as an inn, and then preaches on the mutability of mundane things from the succession of inmates the royal house has seen, ranks with the noble legend of Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel, or the equally striking legend of Abraham and the traveller which Jeremy Taylor found in "the Jews' Books" and Sydney Smith in Jeremy Taylor when he wrote his Bristol sermon on "Toleration."

The legends of passion and chivalry are many of them striking, and illustrate the change in taste and manners which has taken place since these papers were published. We have to-day novels of all kinds and plots of varied complexity. Fiction has run wild, and atmospheric effects, blood-curdling incidents, microscopic observation of character fill the pages of the novelists. When the story is relied on by an author, it is too often an intricate narrative of some feat of a detective policeman. In the Essayists the tale is usually one of high-wrought passion and chivalrous honour, like that of Licenciado Esquirel, Governor of the City of Potocsi (*Guardian*, No. 8), or the tale of Don Alonzo and his innocent wife (*Guardian*, No. 37), which is as good a tragic fable as *Othello*. Steele's touching story of Inkle and Yarico from Ligon's account of Barbadoes was popular enough to be dramatized with success, and his other West Indian tale of Phillis and Brunetta was more than forty years ago brought back to popular recollection by a picture by John Gilbert. This story tells how Phillis appeared at a ball in a brocade of unusual fashion, and was tripping over her rival, when Brunetta hit upon the expedient of appearing at the next reception in a plain black silk mantua with a slave girl in a petticoat of the same brocade in which Phillis was attired holding up her train. The situation is capital. The Arabian tale of Santon Barsisa (*Guardian*, No. 148), and that of Schacabac and the Barmecide (*Guardian*, No. 162), are as good as any of the stories which M. Antoine Galland had lately introduced to delight the nurseries of London and Paris. Addison never allows the Oriental drapery he employs to hide his favourite expression of demure playfulness, and he is seen at his best as a story-teller in the tale of the antediluvian lovers Hilpah and Shallum, which is honoured by the special notice of Macaulay. Steele, as Mr. Courthope has pointed out, exhibits the striking characteristics of his style in the story of Union and Valentine (*Tatler*, 5), and "in the fine paper describing two tragedies of real life" (*Tatler*, No. 82). The first of these, which tells how a young wife, expecting her husband's return from a voyage, finds his shipwrecked body washed on shore at her feet, is heightened by many exquisite touches. It is not easy to improve on the manner in which the catastrophe is told:—"They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves which gently rolled towards them and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels she had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child she was expecting, provided she might be godmother. Their mirth soon abated when they observed upon the nearer approach that it was a human body."

The companion story of a young girl accidentally shot by her lover on the eve of her marriage is told in the fewest words. There is no amplification or exaggeration, no sign of what we moderns call "gush"; but the writer's heart is full, and we may imagine that tears blotted the page as it was written. We have only to contrast these short narratives and the simple language in which they are told with "Theodosius and Constantia" to see how Steele, in spite of his haphazard character, possessed, when he took pen in hand, an unusual power of flinging his whole self into the sorrows of his personages; whereas Addison is always a little too self-conscious to let his impulses have free play.

The inferiority of Johnson to the Essayists of the reign of Anne is nowhere more conspicuous than in those papers where he attempts allegory or anecdote. Here his solid sense is hidden by his portentous verbosity. Take, as an instance, the *Rambler* (No. 65), the tale of Obidah, the son of Abersina. This sage, we are told, left his caravanserai early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. "He was fresh and vigorous with rest. He was animated with hope, he was incited by desire, he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him." Towards noon, or when "the sun approached his meridian and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength," he turns into a grove that "seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation." This pleasant path, of course, leads him astray, for "he turns aside to every cascade, and pleases himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolls among the trees and waters a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel." A storm now comes on, and he repents his folly, and sees "how happiness is lost when ease is consulted." On this discovery he prostrates himself to the God of Nature, after which he finds the usual light which shows the cottage of the usual hermit. This recluse then delivers an oration against wandering from the paths of virtue, "entangling ourselves in business, immersing ourselves in luxury, and roving through the labyrinths of inconsistency," which is simply a chapter of *Rasselas* copiously watered down, and no reader has been hardy enough to

endure the homilies of two Imlacs. We contrast "Obidah" with the "Vision of Mirza," and rejoice that Johnson was not oftener tempted to "conceal a moral in a tale." For Addison was as superior to Johnson in Eastern apologue as Steele was to Addison in telling a simple story.

TRADE IMPROVEMENT.

THE signs of improving trade, to which we have directed attention from time to time in these columns, have now become so marked and general that the Chancellor of the Exchequer felt justified in his Dartford speech in telling his hearers that a real revival had set in; and since he spoke the signs have become even stronger and more promising. We need hardly refer to the rampant speculation which has been witnessed on the Stock Exchange for over a year. When it began we noticed it as evidence that the keen, shrewd, far-seeing capitalists who set it going had convinced themselves that trade was beginning to improve, and the fact that the speculation has been continued to the present day proves unquestionably that in the opinion of those keen and shrewd speculators they made no mistake. The rise in prices which has attended the speculation is important from our present standpoint, not only because it has afforded evidence that in the opinion of the very shrewdest of the trading classes trade has improved, but also because it is itself contributing powerfully to strengthening the improvement. The rise in prices has raised depreciated Stock Exchange securities from quotations at which the holders could not sell them without very serious loss to figures at which they can be disposed of profitably. Immense sums are thus set free, and can be employed by the late holders of the securities in commercial enterprise. Moreover, the rise has increased very considerably the borrowing power of capitalists. Bankers lend on the security of bonds and shares only a proportion of the market value, and the higher the market value becomes the greater, therefore, is the sum that will be advanced upon them. Thus, both by mobilizing capital which had been sunk in unsaleable or partially unsaleable securities and by increasing largely the borrowing power of the capitalist class, the rise in prices which is a consequence of the speculation of the past fifteen months has greatly contributed to extend and stimulate the trade revival. Not less important is another result of the rise of prices. During the late depression railway construction in the United States had greatly fallen off; but as soon as the "war of rates" came to an end and prices began to rise, railway construction was again taken in hand. In the first eight months of the current year as many miles of new railway were built as were built in the whole year 1885; and it is estimated that in the last four months the total length of lines constructed will be raised to about 6,000 miles. It is expected that next year the construction will be on a considerably enlarged scale. The resumption of railway-building at this rate has afforded employment to thousands of workpeople who were partially idle. It has also created a demand for iron and steel, and thus set going ironworks which had been partially or entirely closed. And with the new demand for iron there has sprung up, of course, a new demand for coal. Improvement in these great industries has been passed on to industries ancillary to them, and every trade which ministers to those who benefit from the improvement in railways, in iron, and in coal themselves share in part of the benefit. Thus there has been already a very considerable revival of trade in the United States. And as the American people feel more and more prosperous, they are able to buy more European goods. In the first nine months of the current year the value of the exports of twenty-four principal articles from the United Kingdom to the United States was higher by over three millions sterling, or 264 per cent., than in the corresponding period of last year, and the symptoms are that the demand will go on growing. The augmented purchases by the American people have inspired a hope in manufacturers in this country that we shall by-and-by share in the prosperity now enjoyed by the United States; and thus there is more courage to engage in new enterprise and to extend old businesses.

The rise in the prices of Stock Exchange securities is, however, itself a consequence of another set of causes. During the depression the prices of securities as well as of commodities had fallen too low. Partly this was the result of speculation, for there is a tendency in the case of commodities as well as securities for speculators to sell what they do not possess in the hope of buying again at a profit, and thus of driving down prices below what they ought to go to. But mainly it was the result of the alarm into which all the trading classes had been thrown by the long-continued and almost unexampled fall in prices. When merchants and manufacturers found that month by month, and even week by week, prices were falling lower and lower, they began, first very moderately, to limit their purchases, and finally almost to stop them. They wished to wait until the fall had spent itself; and to enable them to do this as much as possible they drew upon their old accumulated stocks. A time of course came when these old stocks were exhausted, and buying had to be resumed, at first only tentatively and in small amounts, yet sufficiently to maintain for some months a steadiness in values. Then buying began on a larger scale, and instantly prices began to rise. We have already had a very considerable rise in the price of wool; iron, copper, tin, and lead have likewise gone up; so has silk;

so have, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer reminded us at Dartford, indiarubber, isinglass, and pepper. The price of cattle, and notably sheep, has likewise gone up. Altogether the improvement is very considerable, and the general feeling of the mercantile classes is much more hopeful than it was even a few weeks ago. The trade reports and circulars breathe an entirely new spirit, and bankers are at last admitting that they see very evident symptoms of a revival in business. Not less conclusive and satisfactory proof of this is afforded by the Clearing House Returns both of London and Manchester. During the past nine weeks there has been only one return showing a decrease in the clearings, and that only a slight one, while there have been eight showing very considerable increases; and from New Year's Day to a week ago the increase in the total clearings in London was over 200½ millions, or about 5 per cent. The clearings in Manchester are much smaller, of course, than those in London, but they likewise show very satisfactorily, the increase on the year being nearly 2½ millions. It is true that the increase in the Clearing House Returns is chiefly in those of Stock Exchange settling days; that is to say, that the increase is mainly due to the increase in speculative business upon the Stock Exchange. But it is not entirely so; there is also an increase upon the other clearing days. Again, there is an increase in the traffic returns of the principal Railway Companies of the United Kingdom. Curiously, the increase is entirely in passengers. Since July 1 the passenger traffic of seventeen of the principal Railway Companies has increased 235,000; but from this is to be deducted a decrease of 184,000 in goods traffic, leaving a net increase of only about 51,000. At first sight this seems a very unfavourable state of things, since, if trade had improved, the earnings from the carriage of goods ought also to have increased. But, in the first place, it is to be borne in mind that railway rates have of late been going down; in the second place, it is not to be forgotten that the movement of goods does not become very sensibly larger for some time after the revival in trade has set in. Orders have to be placed and the goods have to be manufactured before they are moved to their ultimate destination. On the other hand, it is natural that the passenger traffic should show signs of improvement before the goods traffic, for the capitalist class is that which first feels the benefit of improvement, and the capitalist class is thus in a position to travel for enjoyment more freely than before. Furthermore the Board of Trade Returns for last month bear out the evidence to which we have been referring. It is true that for the nine months of the year the value both of the exports and the imports show a falling off; but for two months in succession the value of the exports has now been increasing, and, taken altogether, out of the nine months five show increases and four decreases. Moreover, the increases are all in directions which tend to confirm the opinion that trade has improved. Yarns and textile fabrics, machinery and millwork and raw materials all show increases, while in the imports the falling off is chiefly in food, itself a satisfactory symptom; and in the raw materials for manufacture there is a marked increase, giving proof that manufacturers see ground for hope that they will be able to extend their business and sell on better terms. Lastly, as we have mentioned above, the increase in American purchases of our goods has continued up to the present; and likewise the large exports of cotton piece goods to India have gone on. Add to all the official statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Dartford that the Revenue Returns are also more satisfactory.

As regards the future, there is in favour of our trade cheap money, cheap food, cheap raw materials, and cheap labour. Moreover, the United States possibly may enter upon a great system of public works, which could hardly fail to stimulate trade in this country very considerably. The portion of the debt which is immediately redeemable will be paid off in less than twelve months, and then Congress will either have to set on foot a great system of public works, or to reform the whole system of taxation and currency, or else to authorize the Treasury to buy in at a high premium the Four-and-a-halfs, which will not become redeemable for another four years. There is a strong objection against buying in at a premium bonds which can be paid off at par in a few years more, and it is certain that the Protectionists will use their utmost efforts to prevent a material reduction of the tariff, while many interests will join with them in opposing currency and taxation reform; and, lastly, there is a strong demand, especially in the South and West, for public works. If the taxation is kept up, then, and public works on a great scale set on foot, there will be such an inflation of prices in the United States as will certainly make it possible to import at a profit British goods. On the other hand, there are certain very grave dangers, the first and greatest being the danger of war. A war would not necessarily prevent or even check the improvement in trade. If it does not spread over the whole Continent, and especially if we ourselves manage to keep out of it, it might, on the contrary, stimulate very considerably certain branches of our trade. Shipping, for instance, would undoubtedly benefit, and so would the manufacture of all kinds of munitions of war. But if the war were to become general, and especially if we ourselves were to be involved in it, the enormous cost and gigantic magnitude of such a conflict would strain the resources even of this country. Even then our trade might not seriously suffer immediately, provided we were able to retain the supremacy of the sea. But if we are not able to sweep the seas, war risks would become so heavy that much of the carrying trade of the world might pass for ever from our hands. Altogether, the state of the Continent is such that it

must somewhat check the improvement. The mere feeling of uncertainty is itself inimical to trade improvement. It is not likely, however, to prevent a considerable improvement if we are ourselves able to keep out of the struggle. And if the war is localized, it may, in fact, stimulate certain branches of our trade without in the least checking other branches. Another danger ahead is the state of the money market. The reserve of the Bank of England is too low, and if there should be a great drain of gold to the United States, or if the breaking out of war on the Continent should lead to a crisis in Berlin or elsewhere, it is possible that the value of money in London might rise so high as for a while at least to paralyse trade. Money, however, is not likely to become so dear as to seriously interfere with the trade revival, provided always that war does not break out, or that, if there is war, it is so localized as not to throw into confusion the money markets of the Continent. The really serious danger is a great war which would involve the leading nations of the Continent, necessitating great loans and absorbing a considerable part of the world's surplus savings.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

SO far as it reflects the year's progress in photographic art and appliances, the show of the Photographic Society in Pall Mall East is excellent. Among the noteworthy features of the exhibition are the extensive use of bromide paper, the rapid advance of the platinotype process, and the undiminished popularity of instantaneous effects and enlargements. It may also be noted as a proof of enterprise that several amateurs prepare their own plates. In all that concerns technique, the greater portion of the work is of remarkable quality, especially in still-life subjects, conventional portraiture, architectural studies, and simple transcripts of scenery. It is only when we look for evidence of the higher artistic impulse that we find little fulfilment of the promise of the two preceding exhibitions. The treatment of the figure, and that of the figure in landscape, are still problems to photographers. Of the taking of "views" and of portraits and figure-studies that defy æsthetic principles there is only too much; while work that elevates the technical process by an artistic conception, a pictorial aim, or a deliberate essay in composition, is somewhat rarer than usual. There is nothing, for instance, comparable to the admirable illustrations of rustic humour and sentiment shown two years since by Mr. H. P. Robinson. This year Mr. Robinson is among the absentees. So, also, is Mr. Valentine Blanchard, whose refined studies of the figure are greatly missed; and so is Mr. Dew-Smith, an amateur whose achievements in artistic portraiture remain unrivalled. In portraiture we must give prominence to Mr. H. H. H. Cameron's "Mother and Child" (320), a study from life of admirable spontaneity and expression, in which beauty of line and general composition are a reproach to the ugly and pretentious enlargements that confront one on all sides. Mr. R. W. Robinson's small portrait, "Miss Flora Reid" (390), is also an artistic piece of work, though in no sense in the same category with Mr. Cameron's. The warm, rich tone of Mr. Leonard Blake's "Outdoor Portraits" (249) mainly contributes to the charm of a series of excellent pictures. Some very good work is shown by Mr. Mendelssohn, among which we must note the "Mrs. Myers and Children" (360) and "Miss Chamberlain" (256), an opal picture of delicate finish. Mr. Cartland's "Portraits of Dogs" (55), executed for Her Majesty, and Mr. Faulkner's "Instantaneous Photographs of Children" (281) express transitory humour and emotion with surprising skill, and must be reckoned among the wonders of the show. Messrs. W. J. Byrne & Co.'s large platinotype portrait, "A Lady in a Grecian Dress" (38), is a triumph of technical accomplishment, though the conventional treatment of the subject makes no appeal to the decorative sentiment. If such work engages only professional sympathies, it is hard to define the attractive quality of Herr Fritz Eilender's series of portraits (111-116), or the artistic value of the family groups of Herr Brokesch, which are honoured with the Society's medals. The cleverness of these pictures is, of course, measurable only by the photographer; but the uninitiated will find them as barren and inane as the old-fashioned stereoscopic view magnified to appalling proportions. There are few things so unutterably depressing as groups of respectable well-nourished people painfully conscious that the eye of the camera is upon them, and piteously striving to appear insensible of the ordeal.

Passing from the portraits to studies of character, we come to Mr. H. W. Gridley's "The Good Fiasco" (146), an old monk handling a flask of Chianti, it may be, while his wrinkled face and beaming eyes are radiant with humorous rapture. The force of expression in this delightful study involves the whole figure, and there is not a disconcerting note in the harmonious presentment. Among other meritorious pictures of life-like character are Mr. R. W. Robinson's "Spilt Milk" (188), Mr. G. R. Wood's studies of boys and children, Mr. Adcock's "A Top-Spinner" (128), and Mr. Gridley's "Fra Giovanni" (26). Rustic life, illustrated by open-air scenes or interiors, is largely dealt with, though with little success generally, owing to the too-obvious constraint of the figures, which appear in many instances to be conscious of the artifice of their introduction, and alien to their environment. In this class of subjects Mr. F. Whaley's "Dozing" (283) is, perhaps, the most realistic, and succeeds, at least, in realizing a definite

pictorial aim. Architecture is effectively displayed by the School of Military Engineering, by Mr. W. Wainwright, jun., by several members of the Oxford University Photographic Club, by Mr. Henry Forsyth, and Mr. Vernon Heath. Landscape is largely represented, and in all degrees of merit. Mr. Henry Roome's "Studies of Lake Como" (84), Mr. Holcombe's "Idylls of Capri" (314), Mr. H. B. Berkeley's "When the Evening Sun is Low" (652), and Mr. F. Hollyer's "River Studies" (182) may be singled out from the general show as excellent examples of the application of the platinotype process to vignette-like impressions of landscape. The aerial quality in the two first-named series is very striking. In the larger "Chee Dale, Derbyshire" (159), of Mr. Henry Tolley, we miss much of the soft and delicate gradations of the former; the local shadows are somewhat hard and black, and the atmospheric effect is rendered with less truth. The great difficulty seems to be in hitting the mean between the hard glitter and bewildering detail of the ordinary landscape photograph and the mechanical and levelling character of photo-engraving. Mr. John Pike's "May Morning" (72) deserves mention for its successful treatment of a difficult subject. Among the curiosities in the gallery are the numerous and very vivid little pictures of instantaneous effects taken with the photo-revolver by Herr Brandel, of Warsaw, the inventor of the apparatus. Some of these are on too small a scale to note accurately the literal facts presented, as is well exemplified in the rearing horse and its rider, and in the representation of a man jumping. Mr. T. J. Dixon's copies of Turner and Lawrence (411, 427) offer some interesting comparisons between the results of old and orthochromatic plates. Various reproductive processes applied to book-illustration are exhibited by Messrs. Annan & Swan, the Autotype Company, and others, and we must not omit from the list of miscellaneous objects of interest Mr. Mostyn Clarke's platinotype prints on Indian paper. Some very satisfactory transcripts of contemporary art are shown by Mr. J. W. Edwards, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Hollyer.

THE THEATRES.

NOTHING of importance has been lately produced at the theatres; but there have been some new pieces, actually or nominally, which demand passing comment. A revival is also to be noted at the Vaudeville, where Mr. Buchanan's vulgarization of *Tom Jones* has reappeared, after having been for a period happily withdrawn. It is sad to find that playgoers have so little knowledge of Fielding, or so little appreciation of his work, as is shown by the acceptance of this humourless travesty. There seems very scant hope for literature as an integral part of the drama when Mr. Buchanan's version of *Tom Jones* is suffered to exist. If the playwright had possessed sufficient wit and delicacy of apprehension to perceive wherein the strength of Fielding's work lies, he would not have laid violent hands on the novel; but it is not, after all, a subject worth regret, except for the light it casts on the capacity of theatrical audiences, for *Tom Jones* is strong enough to withstand any number of such assaults. Persons almost as dull as Mr. Buchanan have before now misapprehended their capacity.

At the Avenue is an opera by M. Audran, composer of *La Mascotte*, a piece which contained some pretty music. The same can hardly be said of *Indiana*, as the new production is called. As the familiar peasants dance in and sing their opening strain the visitor will be apt to wonder whether this is the new and original comic opera he has come to hear, or whether it is some piece he has heard half a hundred times before. A little patience will show him that the work belongs to the latter class, the "new and original" of the programme notwithstanding. As to the story, that is confessedly old. *Indiana* is founded on a vaudeville which had its day half a century since, and contains nothing to make its revival desirable. As now produced it is remarkable for the fact that two of the dullest characters ever found in *opéra bouffe* have a very great deal to say and do in it, though they have to say or do nothing that aids to unite the dislocations of the story. If the spectator can keep awake and look at the thing in the right way, there is a certain amount of unconscious humour about one of these characters, that of a young lady who continually expresses her inability to understand what is said to her. That any personage in an *opéra bouffe* by an English playwright should deliberately confess a lack of common sense is in itself a quaint idea. The male bore in this piece is an official who, being foolish, endeavours to show acumen, and suspects innocent persons of criminal designs while all the time the real culprits are under his nose. There is perhaps no more familiar or tiresome person than such a one as this; but Sir Mulberry Mullett is an exceptionally wearisome member of the tribe, notwithstanding that the part is played by Mr. H. Ashley, who has on several occasions shown a vein of humour. The story of *Indiana* displays the amorous propensities of a Lord Dayrell, who has designs on the bride of a miller who is his tenant. *Indiana*, a young girl betrothed to a Jacobite in hiding at Dayrell's house, assumes for the occasion the character of the miller's wife; for the bridegroom objects to taking his wife to Lord Dayrell's castle, and *Indiana* is anxious to get there. On this slight thread three acts are hung, and M. Audran does little to lighten them. His music is poor and commonplace, often familiar in melody, and nearly always scored without fancy or freshness. The pretentious finale to the second act is mechanically

elaborated, and shows how soon the composer gets out of his depth. One or two airs have a passing prettiness; but there is nothing in *Indiana* which the world will not very willingly let die. Mr. Arthur Roberts's performance of the miller is a piece of unmitigated burlesque; there is, however, a spontaneous drollery about the actor which makes it impossible to watch his antics with a grave face. Miss Wadman, who plays *Indiana*, has a good voice, which she uses moderately well; but there is a total absence of delicacy and finesse in her style.

A new farce, by Mr. Theyre Smith, has been given at the Princess's under the title of *My Lord in Livery*. It is written with a neatness rare in farce, and is based upon an old but serviceable idea. In order to win a bet, Lord Thirlmere, a high-spirited young squire, has to obtain a ring from the finger of Miss Sybil Amberley, a girl who is engaged to marry one of his friends. He proposes to gain his wager by introducing himself to the house in the disguise of a footman; how he is then to accomplish his end does not appear. A new footman arrives soon after Sybil has been warned of the trick, and he is received with much affability by her and a couple of her friends, who, to hoodwink his lordship, have dressed themselves as servants. When presently the real lord reaches the house, he is taken for a burglar, and inspires the utmost terror. It is necessary for him to behave with roughness to the three girls, and this is a weak place in the little piece, but *My Lord in Livery* is much superior to the average farce. Miss Chester acts very brightly and pleasantly, as do Misses Arnold and Calhem.

At the Court there is a new comediotta by Mr. Ernest Warren, in which the two characters are Mr. Guy Charlton, a young man about town, and Miss Dulcie Meredith, sister of a contributor to a "journal of society" called *The Nettle*. Charlton believes that he has been held up to ridicule in a series of sketches called "Notable Noodles," and he visits the author of the satire with the intention of horsewhipping him. Meredith, however, is not at home, and while waiting for him, Charlton falls in love with the sister, his *amour propre* having been gratified by the discovery that he was not the model from whom the "Notable Noodle" was sketched. There is an air of unreality about this which makes it all appear very trivial, for Charlton becomes a declared and accepted lover well within half an hour of his intrusion; but, neatly played by Mr. F. Kerr and Miss Cudmore, the piece serves well enough for a preface to *The Schoolmistress*, which has passed its two-hundredth representation.

THE CESAREWITCH.

ONE of the earliest first favourites for the late Cesarewitch was the most heavily weighted three-year-old in the handicap, and the chief argument in his favour was a very simple one. St. Gatien under 8 st. 10 lbs., and Robert the Devil under 8 st. 6 lbs., had won the Cesarewitch at his age. It was said, therefore, that The Bard, who was generally considered to be as good as four out of five winners of the Derby, had a very fair chance against an average Cesarewitch field under 8 st. 8 lbs. Before Doncaster, and during part of the Doncaster week, he stood at 12 to 1, but he became a much stronger favourite during the following week, and on the first day of the Newmarket First October Meeting he was backed at 4½ to 1. Later during the same meeting he went down to 20 to 1, when it was officially announced that he would not start if Silver went to the post. As usual in such cases, those who had "plunged" on The Bard raised an outcry. In reply to this, General Owen Williams, part owner of The Bard, wrote a letter, dated October 3rd, to the *Morning Post*, in which he vindicated his conduct on the ground that neither he nor his co-partner, Mr. Peck, had backed the horse for a shilling, or betted against him; that they both considered that to ask The Bard, "a three-year-old acknowledged to be 10 lbs. behind the best of the year," "to give Silver 20 lbs. over that severe course would be asking the horse to perform an impossible task, and, in view of his other important engagements, the preparation and race for the Cesarewitch would be most detrimental." Not long afterwards the horse was reported to be taking nothing but walking exercise. Just before the Doncaster meeting Mr. Douglas Baird's Atheling supplanted The Bard, for a short time, as first favourite for the Cesarewitch at 9 to 1. This colt was a three-year-old, by Sterling, handicapped at 7 st. He had been defeated four times last year and once this year, so his public claims to be first favourite for the Cesarewitch were far from conspicuous. On the Thursday, at Doncaster, he gave Grey Friars a hollow beating at 10 lbs. over a mile; but, although a big colt, his forelegs did not please the critics. It was said that, in a private trial, he had shown himself to be better than St. Michael, who was handicapped 9 lbs. higher for the Cesarewitch. In spite of St. Michael's wretched form in the St. Leger, and of his own failure to please those who gazed at him at Doncaster, Atheling only declined four or five points in the betting, and he soon went up again to shorter odds than ever, and he eventually started second favourite.

Among the three-year-olds entered for the Cesarewitch was a colt called Silver, who, like Atheling, was by Sterling. His dam was Lucetta, a winner of the Cambridgeshire. He belonged to Prince Soltykoff, and he was handicapped at 7 st. 2 lbs. Like Atheling, again, he had been beaten four times last year, and he had also been beaten three times this season; nevertheless, he

was backed at from 14 to 20 to 1. On the Friday at Doncaster, he started second favourite for the Doncaster Stakes, for which Candlemas, who was giving him 5 lbs., was first favourite at something like even money. Silver made the whole of the running at a strong pace, and won in a canter by six lengths. It was somewhat curious that he should have been unplaced to Candlemas at Epsom. Candlemas was handicapped 8 lbs. higher than Silver for the Cesarewitch, and, as Silver gave him very much more than a 5 lbs. beating for the Doncaster Stakes, it seemed hard to say how much less than his proper weight Silver would have on his back for the Cesarewitch. Shortly after he had won his race at Doncaster, 6,000l. to 1,000l. was taken about Silver for the Cesarewitch in a single bet, and before the evening he was a strong first favourite at 5 to 1. For a few days after his return to Newmarket he did no fast work; but this did not greatly frighten his backers, and he and The Bard were alternately first favourites for some days. Before long, Silver was galloping again, and a very easy victory by Candlemas over Button Park, for the First Zetland Stakes at Newmarket, made him a stronger favourite than ever. Button Park was handicapped for the Cesarewitch at 7 st. 13 lbs., and as Candlemas beat him by three lengths at even weights, Silver seemed to be almost "turned loose" at 7 st. 2 lbs.

Althorp had started second favourite for the Cesarewitch last year, and had finished fifth to Plaisanterie. Throughout the year he had shown himself a wonderful stayer, winning the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom, the Ascot Stakes and Queen's Plate, and the Goodwood Cup; but this year, with the single exception of his victory in the Ascot Cup, he had run unsuccessfully, and as if he had to some extent lost his form. At 8 st. 5 lbs. he was handicapped rather more favourably than last year, at weight for age, and he was backed at a comparatively short price. Another horse that met with a good deal of support was "Mr. Manton's" Oberon, a three-year-old colt by Galopin out of Wheel of Fortune, that had cost 2,500 guineas as a yearling at Lord Falmouth's famous sale. Last year he was beaten four times, and this year he had been beaten by Miss Jummy in April. He was put into the Cesarewitch at 7 st. 5 lbs., or 3 lbs. higher than Silver. As he was fancied by a powerful stable, he was heavily backed; but some good judges objected to him on account of his small size. Another three-year-old in Oberon's stable—a colt by Lord Ronald called The Cob, belonging to the Duke of Beaufort—was much fancied by many people. He had won a couple of races, and appeared to be favourably handicapped at 6 st. 4 lbs. In the same stable was Devil to Pay, a fine three-year-old colt handicapped at 7 st. 6 lbs., who might have had a great chance if his work had not been interrupted by splints. As it was, the colt was scratched. St. Gatien, the winner of the Cesarewitch of 1884, was handicapped at 9 st. 5 lbs.—a weight 9 lbs. greater than the heaviest under which the race had ever been won. He himself, however, had carried that heaviest weight when a three-year-old, and to carry 9 lbs. more as a five-year-old would be to run on about 4 lbs. better terms, according to the recognized scale. On the other hand, it was doubted by some people whether St. Gatien was as good now as he had been a couple of years ago. "Mr. Childwick's" Harpenden (late Master Jones) was a three-year-old, handicapped at 7 st. 1 lb. He had won one race of no special interest, and had been beaten twice. On his public form he appeared to have little chance, and he was weighted within a pound of Silver.

Lord Bradford's Sir Hamo had lost all the races (and they were not a few) that he had ever run for in his life, and yet he was expected by some people to win the Cesarewitch under 7 st. 4 lbs. Mr. Lambert had a good horse fairly treated in Chelsea at 7 st. 10 lbs.; for in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood he had beaten St. Mirin, Mephisto, Candlemas, and St. Michael very easily with a few pounds the best of the weights. The same owner also had a four-year-old entered in Marlborough, who was handicapped at 7 st., and, although he had never won a race, he could not complain of his weight. Mr. H. T. Barclay's Runnymede, also a four-year-old, had never won a race, and had 7 st. to carry; but it was rumoured that in a private trial he had proved himself to be better than Ashplant, who was put into the Cesarewitch at 7 st. 10 lbs.; so he had his backers. Ashplant himself had been handicapped within a couple of pounds of The Bard before the Derby for the Free Handicap. He was now estimated 10 lbs. below him, and his chance was not considered a good one, even on such terms as these. Mr. R. T. Vynor's Stone Clink, who was handicapped for the Cesarewitch at 7 st. 7 lbs., had won the Northumberland Plate; but against that single victory five defeats were recorded.

The flag fell, on a wet and windy afternoon, to a good start. The Duke of Beaufort's Winter Cherry made the running for his owner's The Cob, with which he had declared to win, through Choke Jade to the Gap (about a mile) and on to the Rowley Mile starting-post, which is rather more than a quarter of a mile further on. At that point The Cob deprived his stable-companion of the lead, and made his own running, until, at the T.Y.C. winning-post (more than half a mile still further on the journey) there was a clear interval between him and the nearest of his followers. In another furlong, on the Buses Hill, he had evidently settled the chances of Silver, the first favourite, as well as those of his stable-companion Oberon; but his own jockey, Wall, was now hard at work, and as they began to descend the hill Stone Clink was within a couple of lengths of

him. The horses in the immediate rear as they approached the Abingdon Bottom were Silver, Eurasian, Chelsea, St. Gatien, and Althorp; but they were all running like beaten horses. In the Abingdon Bottom Stone Clink was close to The Cob, but it still looked as if the latter would hold his own to the end. The race was rather an exciting one as they came up the ascent to the winning-post, and fifty yards from home each of the pair appeared to have a pretty equal chance. The Cob ran very gamely, but Glover had a little the best of it with Stone Clink, and, getting clear of his opponent in the last stride, won the race for Mr. R. C. Vyner by a length.

Stone Clink is a chestnut mare, with good shoulders, plenty of depth, and strong and muscular loins, back, and quarters. Speculum was her sire, and her dam (Stone Chat) was by Adventurer out of a King Tom mare. She carried, almost to a pound, the middle weight in the handicap. Racing would be dull work if it did not lead to some discussions and differences of opinion. The disputed question on this occasion was whether Wall had lost the race by making too much use of The Cob—a controversy upon which we will not venture to offer an opinion. The field (18) was the smallest, with only two exceptions, since the first that ran for the Cesarewitch in 1839. Bad as was the weather, it was no worse than that on the Cesarewitch day of last year.

In point of numbers the subscriptions for the late Cesarewitch were poor. The absence of several French and Irish horses, on account of the new rules, may account to a great extent for the decrease in the entries. Of the 82 horses entered, 50 accepted, including the six most heavily weighted, which shows that the handicapper had taken care not to crush out the best horses with impossible burdens. The name of Lord Hartington's Sir Kenneth stood third in the handicap, at 8 st. 11 lbs., and his public performances entitled him to every pound of the weight. After a very indifferent two-year-old and three-year-old career, he had come out this spring, and won the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, the Newmarket Handicap, and the Great Northern Handicap at York, all of them being races from a mile and a quarter to a mile and three-quarters in length. In the course of the season he was also placed four times, and for the Goodwood Stakes he gave Winter Cherry the enormous advantage of 4 st., and ran her to a neck over two miles and a half. If he could have run on his best form he should have had a great chance under his weight. Of The Bard we have already written. Bendigo may have been rather severely dealt with at 9 st. 8 lbs., and Kimbolton had not maintained his spring form; but both St. Gatien and Althorp took part in the race, so, although a moderately-weighted mare won, the better class of horses was not unfairly treated. It may be worth noticing that nearly a fifth of the fifty horses that accepted were in the stable of one trainer—Mr. Taylor, of Manton House. As an instance of the queer necessities of handicapping, it is interesting to observe that the winner of so important a race as the Goodwood Stakes, a race rather longer than the Cesarewitch, should have been handicapped at 5 st. 8 lbs., or within 1 lb. of the lowest weight. As he had won the Goodwood Stakes under 5 st. 7 lbs., he was only penalized to the extent of 1 lb. for that victory; but the result of the Cesarewitch showed very clearly that he was by no means too lightly weighted. Another curious case of handicapping (for which, by the way, there were sound reasons) was the weighting of Althorp 2 lbs. more heavily for the Cesarewitch than for the Cambridgeshire, while Chelsea was to carry 8 lbs. more for the latter race than for the former. It is pretty generally acknowledged that the handicap for this year's Cesarewitch was drawn up with both skill and fairness.

THE REPORTER'S FAREWELL.

HE sat within his lofty den,
Above the swarming Strand,
His idle stylographic pen
Held idly in his hand.

"Whose is the fault?" he sadly cried,
"That unemployed I sit?
Am I less ready to provide
My marvels? Not a whit!"

"No! here at hand the record I
Of many a portent find,
Such as has oft in days gone by
Enthralled the public mind.

"Here has a trusty pen revealed
To all the wondering town
How lately in a Kentish field
A shower of frogs came down.

"Another tells, from actual view,
How an East-Anglian ram
Has been presented by an ewe
With a two-headed lamb."

He paused a moment; then resumed—
"And, last and greatest, see
Within yon punch-bowl barely roomed
The ENORMOUS Gooseberry!"

"What more could a reporter ask?
What more could readers seek?
Should I not find my daily task
Here for at least a week?"

"But, no! I try in vain as yet"—
He laughed a bitter laugh—
"From all these 'items' here to get
A single paragraph.

"Sub-editors my 'pars' reject,
And some have half confessed
That suchlike matter, they suspect,
Has ceased to interest.

"Ah! simpler tastes of earlier days!
Ah! manners of the past!
When every autumn found amaze
In wonders of the last.

"None pleases in this restless hour,
Save who can track with skill
The Minister's mysterious tour,
Or draft the undrawn Bill.

"To match my arts I venture not
With their devices new;
My day is done, my bolt is shot;
Adieu! vain world, adieu!"

Then, as his stylograph he drave
Through his despairing breast,
Far off, above the Western wave,
A monster reared its crest.

And, "Art thou gone," it feebly whined,
"Thou who with graphic pen
My convolutions hast entwined
Around the hearts of men?"

"If thou art gone whose graphic skill
Has kept my fame alive?
Shall I, the creature of thy will,
Ingloriously survive?"

"Never! no more by moonlit night,
All in the waning year,
Shall my gigantic length afright
The voyaging mariner.

"No more in future anywhere
Shall masters or shall mates
The merry affidavit swear
At British Consulates.

"Never again, when things are flat,
And journals cry for food,
Will I supply half-columns pat.
Farewell! I'm off for good!"

And, with a wail that filled the breeze
And thrilled the distant shore,
The Serpent of the autumnal Seas
Sank, to arise no more.

REVIEWS.

POYNTZ PASS.*

THE traveller from Dublin to Belfast enters Ulster by an iron gate. The granite rocks of the Newry Mountains shut in the railroad at both sides until, just before Goragh is reached, the view suddenly widens out, and the train descends into a wide green valley, the distant Mourne Mountains showing in a long blue range beyond to the east. The whole width of Down is stretched between, but the railway continues for most of its course within the boundaries of Armagh, and a canal on the right or east side drains what was formerly an almost impassable marsh, and unites the harbour of Newry on the south with the rich region round Portadown on the north. The valley, which now includes some of the best land in Ireland, and may be said to form the heart of Protestant Ulster, is still bordered on the south-western side by a little colony of the aboriginal Irish; who, having for centuries defied civilization in their mountain fastnesses, have of late years distinguished themselves as inhabiting the only district in Armagh or Down in which agrarian outrages have taken place. They are, no doubt, the remnant of the Irish tribes which in the seventeenth century gave so much trouble to the Scotch and English colonists, and which were driven from post to post with a constant warfare too insignificant to have found an historian, yet commemorated still in local tradition, in certain annual functions, and in the names of the villages through which along this valley the train passes on its way northward.

* *An Historical and Genealogical Memoir of the Family of Poyntz.* By Sir John Maclean, F.S.A. Privately printed by William Pollard, Exeter. 1885.

Here and there a few grey stones mark the site of a tower or little castle, locally called a "bawn"; and sometimes a bank or a ditch shows where a hasty defence was thrown up for shelter against a cattle raid or protection to a picket. The great marsh which divided the hill refugees of Armagh from the green pastures of Down was crossed at intervals by causeways, marked now by bridges over the canal; and the settlers who first wrested these roads from the Irish brigands are commemorated in their names. The first is Gerald's, now usually called Jerrit's Pass, and a few miles further on are Poyntz Pass and Scarva Pass. This last-named is the great Orange rendezvous, and in the early days of July resounds with the drums and fifes which are deemed good enough for such barbarous music as the "Protestant Boys" or "Croppies, lie down." Scarva is now a railway junction, and forms a convenient centre for meeting, apart from its historical associations. A fine park with old oak avenues and wide lawns is close at hand, and the present squire, though he bears a name which when Scarva Pass was made would have been his death-warrant, so thoroughly Irish is it, admits all the processions, stores the banners from year to year, and organizes the festivals.

History is, however, more concerned with Poyntz Pass than with the others. The hills on either side of the marsh here approach each other most nearly, and here, apparently, the hardest fighting took place. Ascending westward from the little station, the traveller comes to the entrance of a large and handsome park, or "demesne," as it is always called in Ireland, occupying the whole summit of a rounded hill which rises abruptly from the level of the marsh. A substantial modern house is half concealed among the trees; and the northern entrance opens on a little village of decaying houses, which is named Acton, which does not seem to share the prosperity of its neighbours on either side, and is now chiefly interesting as commemorating in its English name the Gloucestershire birthplace of its founder. This was Charles Poyntz, the son of Sir John Poyntz, of Iron Acton. He went over to Ireland in 1610 as an "undertaker," having had a commission in the army, and being, no doubt, well acquainted with the difficulties which beset the English colonist who "undertook" a share in the Plantation of Ulster. But Charles Poyntz was worthy of the old knightly and crusading family from which he sprang, and of his descent from that Pons or Pontius who came over to England with William the Norman, and "undertook" ten hides in Gloucestershire, as is duly recorded in the Domesday Book. Pons himself cannot have had to fight harder for his possessions than his descendant Charles for the manor called Brennoge or Brenock, which he held in common socage, at a rent of 11. 12s. per annum, from Dublin Castle. In a year he began to build, probably on a site close to what is now that of the railway station, where he had "a Bawne of 80 feet square," with a house in the middle. In 1619 he, "not liking of the seat," commenced a new Bawne, a hundred feet square, with three flankers, and a large house of brick and lime, to be his chief residence as lord of a newly-defined and re-granted manor, to be called, after the old home, Acton. Here, then, he settled down; as a modern Englishman might settle in Australia or New Zealand, giving his new possessions the name of the lands almost as distant at that day from Ulster as they are now from the Antipodes. Sir John Maclean has recently printed for private circulation an account of the Poyntz family in all its ramifications, and there is no chapter more interesting than that which relates to this stout cadet and the adventures of himself and his family among the savages of Armagh. Whether from want of local knowledge or from the ignorance of his informants, Sir John Maclean places Poyntz Pass "near Scarva," and Drumbanagher Castle, the seat of the Close family, the heirs of the Poyntzes, at "Waringstown, County Down," whereas it is in Armagh, and much further from the borders of Down than Poyntz Pass. But these are very small matters; and many people will be glad to have a complete account of a family which has long disappeared from both the Actons.

Strange to say, while the English and Irish branches of the family were equally remarkable for their loyalty to the Crown, a near connexion of the English branch was, like Admiral Blake, one of Cromwell's "generals at sea." This was Richard Deane, uncle of a certain Mrs. William Poyntz and grandfather of Deane Swift, who wrote a biography of his more famous cousin Jonathan. Richard Deane was killed in the great fight with Van Tromp off the North Foreland in 1653, and was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, his body, like Blake's, being eventually removed to the churchyard adjoining. The head of the Poyntz family at that date, though in his will he protested his loyalty, does not seem to have been very active in the King's behalf; but, whatever may have been lacking in his devotion, was assuredly made up by his relatives in Ulster. Sir Charles Poyntz, who had been knighted in 1630, with Sir Edward Trevor, Captain Henry Smith, and seven other English colonists, were taken prisoners by McGennis, or McGuinness, the Irish rebel, and shut up in a fort called Narrow Water Castle, familiar to tourists who visit Rostrevor Bay. They were rescued soon afterwards by Lord Conway, and Sir Charles Poyntz survived till after the King's restoration. His son, Toby, was still more active. While Sir Charles yet lived, Toby was M.P. for Newry, Sheriff of Armagh in 1644, lieutenant, and afterwards captain of troops on the King's side. Soon after the Restoration he was knighted by the Duke of Ormonde, and married a niece of the great Archbishop Usher, or, as Sir John Maclean spells the name, Usher. This lady set a pattern of loyalty to all the county. After the death of Sir Toby she continued to live at Acton, and a local tradition, not reported by Sir John Maclean, may be worth

repeating as to her manners and customs. Every day as she went through the hall to dinner she passed a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, and, stopping before it, she solemnly spat on the face. The footman coming after, as solemnly wiped the picture with a napkin. Sir Toby in a letter gives a few curious particulars of life in Ulster in the seventeenth century. He had an eyrie under his house—that is, of course, on the steep slope of the wooded hill towards the marsh. He speaks of "marlins" and of a "Cast of Halks," and mixes up his sporting notes with denunciations of the Presbyterians, whom he describes as "very high and sturdie." His son, a second Charles, was a noted prosecutor of the Irish "daccits" who infested Ulster for years after the final overthrow of Tyrone, McGennis, O'Neil, and the rest. Sir John Maclean seems rather inclined to sympathize with "the unfortunate Irish," and heavily censures Poyntz's measures against a highwayman and outlaw named O'Hanlon, not knowing, perhaps, what O'Hanlon was in reality. This sort of sentiment is too common now. That so many Guinesses, Reillys, O'Neils, and O'Hagans still survive among the Ulster gentry shows that those who chose to do so had no great trouble in making peace with the Government. That Charles Poyntz was justified in using severe measures against the Irish outlaws is proved by the fact that he was assassinated some years later. His son, Lucas Poyntz, brought the male line of the family to an end, and a portion of the estate, including Acton and Poyntz Pass, belong, or lately belonged, to his relatives in the female line. Iron Acton, too, has passed away from the Poyntzes; but the name still survives, and Sir John Maclean enumerates the descendants of several junior branches.

FOUR NOVELS.*

NOT much that is fresh or interesting remains to be extracted from the records of the glories and humours of Brighton in the days when Brighton considered itself to be possessed of glory and humour. We are, therefore, thankful that we are spared much that might plausibly have been inflicted on us in a novel called *The Master of the Ceremonies*. Especially are we grateful for the absence of the First Gentleman in Europe. Let not those, however, who read fiction for incident despair of Mr. George Manville Fenn's story. If we have little about the pump-room or the Pavilion, we have plenty of better stuff. To begin with, and just at the beginning, an old lady is suffocated in her bed with a down pillow, like Desdemona, only for diamonds, not from jealousy. The murderer has crawled up the flowery balcony of Lady Teigne's lodging on the Parade, or at least sundry knocked-over flower-pots lead to that supposition; but the mystery is not so shallow as all that. Claire Denville, the innocent, the beautiful, the martyred for duty, believes that her father, the M.C., the "poor minister of fashion," is the guilty man. The Master of the Ceremonies himself thinks that his son Fred, a ne'er-do-well who has enlisted as a private in the dragoons and is in a sort of social hiding, has done the deed. Fred has no recollection of it, but being like Cassio occasionally "overtaken," he supposes he really has throttled the old lady and forgotten all about the little affair. Only in that case he is interested to inquire where are the missing diamonds? In point of fact, Major Rockley, the gay libertine and friend of the Prince Regent, knows who is the murderous thief, and he also knows the lamentable fact that the diamonds are only paste after all. We are hurried on from these domestic distractions to other excitements. Nothing in the way of carriage accidents can surely be better than the bolting of Miss Cora Dean's high-mettled ponies, frightened at the "hee-haw" of Lord Carboro's donkey, their mad flight down the crowded street, their rush through the gateway and on to the pier, the scatterment of the fashionable promenaders, the plunge of the ponies over the pier end into the sea, their swim with the shattered carriage behind them and Cora borne along like Venus in her car, only neither so composed nor so gracefully arranged, the gallant plunge of Dick Miggles, the fisherman, and Richard Linnell, the young hero, and the final rescue of all concerned, including the plucky though peccant ponies. We have hardly drawn breath after this before we are in the midst of a midnight elopement in a post-chaise and four, madly pursued by rescuers on military chargers, who ride as men only do when their steeds belong to somebody else, an adventure which ends by all of them, horses and men and woman, crashing together into the ditch. Attempted abductions there are, too; and duels; horsewhippings galore; and fine doings at mess-room dinners where claret and claret-glasses fly about into officers' faces and the good old gentlemanly manners prevail. There is plenty of fine confused reading in Mr. Manville Fenn's novel of the life at "Saltinville" some sixty or seventy years ago; and there are romance and love-making. The jewels are mostly paste, like Lady Teigne's diamonds, and the manners tinsel; and the tinsel is faded; but, such as it is, there is abundance of it.

Cynic Fortune is a clever murder story in its way, though Mr.

* *The Master of the Ceremonies*. By George Manville Fenn. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

Cynic Fortune: a Tale of a Man with a Conscience. By David Christie Murray. 1 vol. London: Chatto & Windus. 1886.

The Westhorpe Mystery. 1 vol. By Iza Duffus Hardy. London: White & Co. 1886.

The Wooing of Catherine; and other Tales. By E. Frances Poynter. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1886.

David Christie Murray has not drawn as largely as he would have been justified in doing on his stock of cleverness in putting it together. Neither his invention nor his acquaintance with the quaint and more humorous side of human character has been greatly exercised in this little volume. Nevertheless, it is a readable story, deriving a certain interest from its commonplaceness and likeness to common life. Its leading idea, that a deliberate murder need by no means overshadow the perpetrator's existence, nor give rise to any sort of tragic remorse, nor even uncomfortable recollections, is not a new one. Mr. Grant Allen has touched it briefly and cleverly in one of his strange stories, though neither there nor elsewhere in modern fiction has it been wrought to the intense and complete pitch reached in *Paul Ferroll*. In *Cynic Fortune* there is neither intensity nor completeness of conception. But there is a calm absence of exaggeration about the details and results of the crime which is not unwelcome in the midst of recent showers of melodramatic stories. The narrative is of the ordinary police-report kind, clumsy in some of its incidents, and wanting in accuracy in small points. It hurts the spirit of acceptance on the part of a reader to find that the diamond ring carelessly displayed in a low Paris *gargote* has changed in a page or two into an engraved cornelian. The escape of the criminal, too, seems unaccountably simple and easily achieved. After that, the chief interest is found in Mr. Gabriel Kenyon's arrangement of his life to suit the double purpose of benefiting by his crime and escaping its moral chastisement. His cunning little schemes for anticipating retribution, for forestalling the intentions of a possible Providence and discounting the future event, are amusingly told. That the feeling never deepens into anything more than amusement is partly due to the author's apparent intention, partly the result of his sceptical view of the affair. On various occasions Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, the guilty and the unsuspected, moves his hands "with a writhing horrible motion in the air," and falls flat, "as if he wanted to dive into his grave at once." These are but trifling interruptions to a prosperous career, and when at last he makes the final "dive" for good or for bad, the impression left is that, on the whole, he had balanced his accounts for this world, at any rate, pretty satisfactorily.

Miss Iza Duffus Hardy's shilling novel is above the average merit of the "dreadful," inasmuch as it has other qualities besides those of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones type. The average merit of "dreadfuls" is lowered by the vast amount of trash which has succeeded Hugh Conway's successes like the pouring out of waters. The few really admirable specimens of the short story which have followed, in transcending, the example set by Mr. Conway are, as a rule, rated in the average, and do not obtain the consideration they deserve, except from the few who know good literary work from bad. These form, so to speak, the "class," and the "mass" eats them up as Pharaoh's lean kine did the fat. Miss Hardy's "mystery" is not one of the class we are thinking of. It is above the average, but the average is depressingly low. Still it shows, as far as the limits of time and space will allow, shading of character, some care in conception, and attention to possibilities. The introduction of the psychic element is a sacrifice to popular fashion, but it is treated with serious interest rather than levity. Charmian Netherseale has a touch of pathos about her which harmonizes with her Sphinx-like beauty and tragic history. The three girls whose visit to Westhorpe Grange has such a terrible dénouement—Lucia, Charmian, and Kate—are drawn in a group of varying yet harmonizing lines, which the reader, almost to his surprise, finds remaining in his memory.

The author of *The Wooing of Catherine* goes as far as honesty requires by explaining on the title-page that the two volumes are made up by the addition of "other tales." Even with this intimation, the end of Catherine and of the "wooing" of her comes a little unexpectedly and, we may add, unwelcomely. The story would have been improved by a little expansion. The plot is serious, involving an act of killing which is hardly a murder, and the characters have an inherent interest which would have well borne further development. Catherine herself is excellently drawn, with an intent and sober nature which is consistently kept in view through the whole of the pathetic little narrative. The other five or six stories are slight and monotonous.

SHOOTING.*

IF all authors understood their subjects as well as do the contributors to *The Badminton Library*, the work of reviewers would be exceedingly easy. The two volumes on Shooting are certainly not the worst of those that have already appeared in this series. On some points many readers may disagree with their authors, but we should think that the critics must be few who would refuse to acknowledge them to be the best books on shooting that have ever been published.

* *Shooting—Field and Covert*. By Lord Walsingham and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart.; with Contributions by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles and A. J. Stuart-Wortley. With numerous illustrations by A. J. Stuart-Wortley, Harper Pennington, C. Whymper, J. H. Oswald Brown, and G. E. Lodge.

Moor and Marsh. By Lord Walsingham and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart.; with Contributions by Lord Lovat and Lord Charles Kerr. With numerous illustrations by A. J. Stuart-Wortley, Harper Pennington, C. Whymper, J. G. Millais, and G. E. Lodge. Badminton Library. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

In the introduction to *Field and Covert* it is asserted that those who really understand what shooting is, and ought to be, admit driving to be "the neatest, most skilful, and most satisfactory way of killing winged game." Large "pheasant-shoots," grouse-driving, and partridge-driving are vigorously defended with much ability and some show of reason. Driving, we are told, is "the cream of grouse-shooting, for every shot then offered is more or less a test of marksmanship. What may be termed an easy shot is an exception." "Two grouse to every five shots, taken as they come one day with another, is first-rate work." The best grouse-drive on record was one made to the gun of Sir Frederick Milbank on August 20, 1872. It was the sixth of the day, and lasted twenty-three minutes, a space of time in which Sir Frederick killed 95 brace, or an average of about eight birds a minute. Seven days afterwards, Lord Walsingham killed to his own gun 422 brace of grouse in one day. In the same year, the heaviest bag of grouse ever killed by one party in a single day was made by Mr. Rimington-Wilson and his friends, who shot 1,313 brace. As to partridges, one of the largest bags made in a single day by one gun was that of the Maharajah Duleep Singh on September 8, 1876, when he killed 390 brace. Last year, three guns shot 428 brace of partridges in one day. Probably the largest bag of pheasants in a day's shooting was one on November 21, 1883, when six guns killed 2,373 pheasants. This number, however, has been closely approached, if not surpassed, at other places. In rabbit-shooting, a prodigious bag was made at Rhiwlas, in North Wales, last year, when nine guns shot 5,086, of which 920 were killed by one man (Lord de Grey).

It is a popular delusion that enormous bags of game are exclusively English and a modern novelty. They are neither the one nor the other, although they may be said to be modern in England. So long ago as the year 1753 there was a "chasse" in Bohemia that lasted twenty days, in which time 47,950 head of game were killed. The daily average of this gigantic "shoot" is rarely beaten even in these days. Of the grand total, 19,545 head were partridges, 9,499 pheasants, and 18,273 hares. The rest of the bag was made up of stags, wild boars, roe-deer, foxes, larks, quails, and "other birds." To what extent the game was mobbed, netted, or knocked on the head we are not in a position to say; but it is stated that 116,231 shots were fired. At Chantilly in 1785 a shooting party killed in two days 4,213 head, more than half the bag consisting of partridges.

The chapter on Guns traces their history from the days when they were fired with a slow match to the latest development of hammerless gun with a "binding grip on the extension." We are told why guns are so expensive, and it is asserted that gunmakers get a larger profit out of cheap guns than dear ones. It may be a comfort to those who cannot afford to give very long prices to reflect that cheaper guns should serve well enough for them, as they will not be likely to be submitted to the same wear and tear as the guns of wealthier men. When some five hundred shots are fired from a gun in a season, the strain is very moderate; but when from five thousand to nine thousand cartridges are shot out of it, it "must be made absolutely perfect in every detail, even down to the smallest spring or screw, and each detail has to be tested by means of a severer ordeal than is ever required for a cheap gun."

The chapter on "Shooters" is much to be recommended to young sportsmen, nor need old ones be above studying it. There are a good many stories of people getting pepperings from the guns of their friends. One of these describes a boy "shooting a shooter" instead of a rabbit. While the wounded sportsman was nursing "the more injured leg of the two, and standing like a stork on the other as he twirled round with pain, the youth came up, and, with every honest expression of regret, remarked, amongst other things, 'You see, Mr. —, I thought there was a clear yard between you and the rabbit, or really I would never have fired.'" In the chapter on Partridge-shooting there are useful diagrams showing the best methods of walking-up partridges in turnip-fields, and others showing the proper arrangements of guns for driving. There are valuable plans of covers, showing the best systems of beating and shooting them, in the chapter on Pheasant-shooting. The chapters, again, on Rearing, Vermin, Keepers, Poachers, and Dogs all contain useful matter. It is recommended (a recommendation which perhaps may lead to some legal difficulties) that keepers when going out against poachers should carry revolvers rather than guns; but an editorial note very properly points out that these weapons require very careful handling, adding, "The only way to carry a revolver safely in the pocket so that it cannot explode by a fall or jar is to take out one cartridge and let the hammer lie on the uncharged chamber." This hint may be serviceable to others besides keepers.

The chapters in *Moor and Marsh* treating of Deer are written by Lord Lovat, than whom few have had more opportunities of obtaining information on the subject. There appear to have been deer-drives in Scotland on a large scale so long ago as 1618. It was the custom in those days for five or six hundred men to drive an area of about ten miles, eventually enclosing the deer in a valley. Then, says an old writer, "all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose as occasion serves upon the herd of deer," and he describes an occasion on which "with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours four-score fat deer were slain." Early in the present century a deer-stalker would make a three or four days' expedition, "armed with a single musket, his

staff and his plaid, in the corner of which he had a small bag of oatmeal which, made into brose at any handy spring, was to be his only food." At night he slept behind a rock wrapped in his plaid. The author in describing him says, "He has no glass, but his eyes are good." At last he finds some deer and gets "close up; he will not trust the old gun far, but at close range something out of her will probably hit the deer. A bullet, several slugs, and some inches of powder" are his usual charge. When, after carefully examining the pan, and taking a long steady aim, he pulls the trigger, "the old gun almost jumps from his grasp and nearly knocks him over; but what matter if the stag be killed?"

Lord Lovat's definition of a true sportsman is one of the best that we have ever met with. Among other things, he is "kind and considerate to man and beast," and "careful in the pursuit of his sport not to inflict or to risk unnecessary pain." It is evident that Lord Lovat himself enjoys observing the habits of deer at least as much as shooting them. Hinds, he tells us, go to nearly the same spot for calving every year, and he mentions a case in which they each had their calves almost under the same trees. One curious habit of deer is that of eating bones. If a dead deer is left on a hill, when birds and insects have eaten its flesh, its bones will often be consumed by its own relations. Deer will also eat horns that have been shed. Sometimes stags have no horns. "If naturally so, and otherwise perfect, they will thrash any other stags of their own or even considerably greater weight." Hornless stags are occasionally masters of large herds. If, however, they have lost their horns through accident, "they lead a quiet, bachelor sort of life; they become exceedingly cunning, are fattest when other stags have lost their condition, and often live to a great age." Sometimes a stag has only one horn: but in 1875 a brother of Lord Lovat's killed one that had three horns. It was a remarkably fine stag, and weighed, quite clean, over 30 st.

Where there are few deer, a big stag is generally accompanied by a small one, who acts as his slave. The duties of the latter are to watch on a hillock, while his master lies in a snug hole, out of the wind, and to go in front when there is some prospect of danger. Any negligence is quickly punished by the horns or forefeet of his lord. One evening Lord Lovat severely wounded a good stag, when another fine stag galloped back to keep him company in his misfortune. "A bullet finished" the wounded beast, but still "the devoted friend kept close by, and would not leave the spot. We had not the heart to shoot the poor beast after he had given proof of such wonderful fidelity, and at last had almost to drive him away." During the season the largest stags often lie hidden in low ground, either in woods or in small covers. "The old stag only jumps out of the little spinney into the corn-field after dark, and he is in again before daylight." Corn, however, is not the only crop that stags will steal. They are wonderfully clever in digging up potatoes out of drills, always picking out the ripest.

In Lord Lovat's opinion, deer forests have not been the cause of a general eviction of the Highland Crofters. Early in the century, sheep farms unquestionably drove many Highlanders from their homes; but when sheep failed, the only means of making the land pay was to afforest it. "The cry is now, send the people back to their old homes in the high glens and hill-sides. You may send them—but, *will they go?*" The calculations made of the value of a deer forest are much as follows. A stag should not be shot till he is six years old, and, when due allowance is made for feeding-ground for the necessary hinds, it takes about three hundred acres to make a good six-year-old stag; so charging a shilling an acre for sheep-rent and a shilling more for grouse-rent, we get a cost to the landlord of about 30*l.* per stag. When we add to this the cost of maintaining shooting lodges and foresters' houses, and keeping roads and bridges in repair, with the entirely rentless years that must elapse before a new forest is stocked, 40*l.* per stag—the ordinary rate at which Scotch deer-forests are let—does not leave a very wide margin for profit. On the other hand, there are many hills now afforested which, at the present low prices of sheep and wool, would very likely not let at all as farms; and in these cases, we should imagine, the landlord may consider that at 40*l.* a stag he is well paid. The annual value of the one hundred and ten Scotch deer-forests is about 300,000*l.*, and it has been estimated that during the last thirty years nearly 4,000,000*l.* has been spent on and about them.

The following rule is given for judging the distance of a stag from the shooter, assuming that he has "fairly good" sight, and that the ground is not very steep. Up to 80 yards he will be able to see the deer's eye distinctly. Up to 100 he will be able to see the dark line of the eye, but not to distinguish its shape. Up to 150 yards he will be able to see the ear well, but at 200 yards he will scarcely be able to distinguish the ear at all. Acting on this rule, he had better never fire at a deer unless he can see its ear; if, on the contrary, he can see its eye, he need not put up an extra sight. We have not space here to enter into the details of the chapters on Woodcock, Snipe, Ducks, Wild Swans, Wild Geese, or Swivel-guns, with one of which nearly a hundred Brent geese are said to have been killed at a single shot; but we may say of these, as of all the chapters by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, that they are the work, not only of an able writer and a genuine sportsman, but also of a highly intelligent observer of the natures and habits of birds. Indeed, we may say of Sir Ralph, what was said by the Secretary of James I. of that monarch, that "Fowle is the founds'con of his pleasure." As to the illustrations, which

are generally excellent, though of somewhat varying merit, they almost deserve a separate review for themselves, and we should say that the books are worth buying for the sake of their pictures alone.

AN AMERICAN CONSUL'S REMINISCENCES.*

"DES qu'un Ambassadeur est mort," writes the author of the *Manuel Diplomatique*, "il rentre dans la vie privée." Mr. Horstmann has not waited for the advent of the King of Terrors to shake off the trammels and to divest himself of the privileges of an American Consul. Nominated, as he says, in the ordinary way of patronage by a Republican President to the United States Consulate at Munich in 1869, he was retained at his post until 1880, in which year he was transferred to the Consulate at Nuremberg. In 1885, just before the change of Presidentship, he resigned his office; for "no matter," he says, "how well a man has performed his duties, or how well satisfied the State Department may be with him—without any cause, without any reason being given, without a word of recognition of his services, the postman or a change of Government may bring to his hand the fatal missive, 'Sir,—The President, having appointed Mr. — Consul of the United States for —, I will thank you to deliver to him the records of the office, the seal, flag, press, and arms, &c. I am, Sir, —, &c. Sic transit gloria Consulum.'"

Yet Mr. Horstmann, while plainly seeing the evils incident to a short and capricious tenure of office, and frankly acknowledging that a Consul who knows that he only holds his post for a few years will not be apt to take a deep interest in its duties, and will be half his time looking round for something to do next, is opposed to the idea of making the Consular service a permanent and progressive profession, as in European countries. He thinks that the limited number of Consular clerks already in existence are sufficient to carry on the traditions of a Consulate or to fill any temporary emergency through death or removal. He has to the full his countrymen's horror of an organized bureaucracy, as he calls it; and he is not without fear that "some of our best statesmen and patriots" may be right in thinking that Americans living too long away from their native country may lose somewhat of their Republican views and affinities and of their adherence to the worship of American institutions. His suggestion that itinerant inspectors might be sent the round of American Consulates to examine and report on the efficiency of their incumbents seems to us weak and unpractical. If such inspectors were to do their work conscientiously, it would be introducing a system of espionage hateful to the American character. If they performed their duties in a perfunctory and slovenly manner, the thing would be an expensive farce. Mr. Horstmann says that the United States Government has on several occasions attempted to put this plan into practice. Their proceedings in his own case were not, we should have thought, calculated to strengthen his faith in the utility of such an institution. "Two or three of these gentlemen," he writes, "visited my office. They were not very strict. One of them was a cheery little gentleman. I have an idea he was enjoying a summer's recreation abroad. He pulled out a copy of the Consular Regulations. 'Look here,' he said, 'have you made the alteration in paragraph — on page — in regard to debenture certificates according to the Circular sent last month?' I opened my copy of the Regulations to show him that I had done so. 'Oh, well then, you're all right, I guess'; and he then asked me what there was to see in the city. I offered to show him my books or anything else; but he said he didn't want to see them, he wanted to see something of the town. So, after office hours, he called for me again, and we went out walking together." As an instance of an American Consul's dependence for his position on the retention of power by his political friends, Mr. Horstmann tells us that on the defeat of Mr. Tilden for the Presidency of the United States the Democratic statesman refreshed himself with a trip to Europe. He visited the Consul at Munich. "When the conversation happened to turn on the election he jokingly said, 'Oh, well, the thing's over now. At any rate, if I had been elected, you see, I wouldn't have the pleasure of being in Munich now and going around with you.' 'No,' I said, 'and if you had been elected, I suppose I wouldn't be here to be showing you around.'" General Grant also visited Mr. Horstmann in the Bavarian capital; but the reader who looks for any new light thrown on the character of the taciturn General will be as much disappointed as Dr. Johnson was with the old nobleman's recollections of Pope. All we are told of the great soldier is that at a brewery-house to which the Consul took him, the ex-President "put his quart of beer inside of him without winking. He only stopped once in the middle to take breath, and to remark, 'Ah, this is excellent beer!' When I asked him if he would like to have another go, he said, 'My! mercy! I could hardly get that down.'"

On the whole Mr. Horstmann speaks with respect and kindness of the State Department. Though he laughs at its inquisitiveness about details and at its "making regular Mrs. Pardiggle's of their Consuls," the Washington Foreign Office, he says, rarely refuses any reasonable request made by one of its Consular officers; and, if it does refuse, it always throws the onus of its disobligingness

* *Consular Reminiscences*. By G. Henry Horstmann, late United States Consul at Munich and at Nuremberg. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company.

upon Congress. "The department is the Spenlow of the firm, but Congress is in reality the terrible Mr. Jorkins." But, like other Foreign Offices nearer home, the State Department at Washington sometimes combines a fidgetty curiosity about trifles with a contemptuous silence in regard to really important matters or suggestions brought to its notice. Mr. Horstmann saw in Germany some wonderfully successful experiments in making wood, paper, woollen stuffs, in fact all kinds of materials, incombustible. He thought it manifestly his duty, in compliance with his general instructions, to bring this invaluable discovery to the knowledge of the State Department. "To my very warm description of the fiery ordeal I had witnessed came the rather cool reply that 'Despatch No. — has been received.' About a year afterwards the fire broke out in the Patent Office, destroying thousands of models of patented inventions, records, and a great part of the building itself, which it has taken years and years to repair."

In Mr. Horstmann's clear and exhaustive account of the Consular service of the United States, so similar to and so different from our own, there is much food for reflection and study. We should be travelling beyond our province if we were to attempt to adjust the balance between the merits and shortcomings of the British and American systems, the comparative expenses, rates of pay, &c.; but the matter is worth inquiring into, and we recommend its study to all English readers who take an intelligent interest in the institutions of their own country as well as in those of their neighbours. A person with a fair average superficial knowledge of our own Consular service will probably be startled by Mr. Horstmann's assertion, which is nevertheless strictly true, that the Consular service of the United States is not only self-supporting, but that "it even pays in annually a handsome little sum to the Treasury over and above the amounts paid for salaries and for the contingent expenses of the Consulates." How many of our M.P.'s can give a good reason or an intelligible cause for the enormous difference between our system and the American system of adjusting Consular expenses and levying Consular fees? How many of them can explain why it seemed good to the State Department at Washington to establish a tariff of tonnage fees, and why the Foreign Office in Downing Street could not establish such a system in our Consulates without crippling our carrying trade?

Mr. Horstmann's reflections, however, are not confined to a consideration of dry details—and, by-the-by, the driest of statistics become less dry in his handling of them—his book is enlivened with many pleasing and jocose anecdotes and reminiscences. When he speaks out of a full mind his observations are always shrewd and worth listening to. In the main, too, they are generally correct. The book, however, contains a vast deal of very poor padding in the way of ghost-stories, tales of wild Indians, and such like irrelevant matter. Mr. Horstmann's enumeration of the annoyances to which a Consul is subjected by his foolish countrymen and countrywomen would be amusing if it were not so long, and if some of the cases he mentions did not look as if they were manufactured to fill up a certain quantity of pages. One lady called upon him to bring the weight of his official displeasure to bear upon a photographer who had "made a fright of her." On another occasion "a rather scrawny female" comes to consult him as to her choice of a physician. "Well now, Consul, is Dr. Leberdeck more for the kidneys or the spleen?" Facetious fellow-citizens who wish to make an affidavit or any other statement on oath before their Consul, smilingly announce to that functionary that "they have come to do a little cussin'!"

Mr. Horstmann is as patriotic as most Americans, though he can poke a little fun occasionally at the heraldic Eagle which waves over his office. He considers that even in the matter of handwriting the citizens of the United States show their marked superiority to the rest of the world. He is candid enough, however, to dislike the high pitch to which Americans, and especially American women, raise their voices:—"When people approached my door in conversation with each other—even before I could tell whether it were German or English they were speaking—that strident voice which seems to be produced and manufactured somewhere between the eye-teeth and the nostrils, and forced through a syringe instead of flowing in rounded tones from the full bellows of the lungs, warned me that it was the American female that was coming."

The author of these "Reminiscences" has something fresh to say on the well-worn subject of the Oberammergau Passion play; but we have not space for many of his observations. His landlord was the peasant who enacted the Impenitent Thief, and whom he describes as "a jolly fellow with a good deal of thirst in him." The Consul thought Joseph Mair a little spoiled by female flattery. "He felt his importance. I liked the bearing of his companions better."

Mr. Horstmann is a poet as well as a statistician and a raconteur. On the celebration of the Centenary 4th of July at Munich, "when the Cathedral clock just above us had solemnly tolled twelve, I gave vent (fully unprepared, of course) to this effusion." It would not be kind either to the author or to his readers to quote the poem which follows. He himself says of some panels painted with emblematic pictures in glorification of Independence Day, "Mr. Vinton's paintings formed the connecting link between patriotism and art." Such a description admirably applies to the ex-Consul's poetry as well as to many pictures painted by American artists, and notably to the famous war pictures by Colonel Turnbull in the Capitol at Washington. With a few riddles propounded by members of the American

Artists' Club at Munich, we will conclude our notice:—"What is the difference between self-conceit and a donkey without a tail? One is a human fault, and the other is an ass fault.—Why is a man who has a spell of vomiting just after sundown like a French drying oil? Because he's sick at eve (siccatif).—If a cat's natural enemy were roasted, what painter would the sauce put you in mind of? Sassoferatto (sauce of a rat, oh!)." Mr. Horstmann labours to prove, against statistical evidence, that Munich is an exceptionally healthy city. Is it the effect of German diet and Bavarian beer, rather than of climate, that native American humour has degenerated into a state of lethargic imbecility capable of amusing and of being amused by the fatuous drivel of conundrums like these? The Consul quotes many more of these riddles and many other witticisms which enliven the meetings of the Club. None of them is at all less overpoweringly stupid than those which we have presented to our readers.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS' WORK IN THE HOLY LAND.*

IN a little-known corner of the South Kensington Museum, hard by the galleries where the National Portraits used to be hung, is one of the most interesting collections of antiquities in London. Why they should be so seldom visited we cannot tell. Perhaps few people are aware of their existence, and certainly the situation on the western side of the Exhibition Road, surrounded by such attractions as the India Museum, the Naval Museum, and the Colonial Exhibition, to say nothing of the School of Art Needlework higher up the road, the old "Brompton Boilers" opposite, and the British Museum of Natural History a little further south, may account for the neglect of the public. But, as most Englishmen are interested in the geography and history of Palestine, and as the Society for exploring and surveying it has spent a considerable sum of money on their work, the modest little volume before us, calling attention to the labours of the twenty-one years which have elapsed since the Fund was started, may direct attention to some remarkable curiosities, and to the far-away land from which they have been brought. The managers of the Fund have been very fortunate in their emissaries; the names of Sir Charles Wilson and Sir Charles Warren, of Major Anderson and Captain Conder, will occur at once to any one who has from time to time dipped into the reports of the Fund. "The military record of Lieutenant-Colonel Kitchener promises to eclipse his civil distinction," says the compiler of the book, "but it must never be forgotten that before he went to Egypt he surveyed Galilee for this Society, and Cyprus for the Colonial Office." The services of these officers were granted by the War Office, and no dispute has ever arisen, or can arise, as to the results of their researches, for the Society has from the first been conducted on purely scientific, uncontroversial, and, so to speak, fearless principles. The cowardice which shirks the truth in matters which may involve supposed points of doctrine has done more to degrade religion and impede science than anything else; and this Society, with an English archbishop at its head, comprises men of all persuasions and of none—Jews, Romanists, and Unitarians—who are united by the one bond of a desire to set on a sound footing the topography of the most interesting country in the world. The objects of the projectors and supporters of the Fund are here stated to be the investigation of the archaeology, manners and customs, geography, geology, zoology, and botany of Palestine; but chiefly to clear up the doubts and difficulties which centuries of ignorance, assisted by lying dragomans, have imposed on every historical site, until the modern traveller who has visited Jerusalem comes away puzzled and benighted, and wishing he could recall the primitive ignorance in which he started on his pilgrimage. These being the objects of the first collectors of the Fund, it may be worth while to inquire how far they have been fulfilled in the twenty-one years' work here reported upon and described.

We would note as of primary importance that, notwithstanding the obviously delicate nature, speaking religiously, of some of the inquiries instituted by the managers of the Fund, no sectarian strife has been engendered. The late James Fergusson, it is true, discovered, like too many other speculators on ancient Egyptian and Israelitish questions, what it seems hardly polite to term a mare's-nest—though no other term will fit half so well—as to the exact position of certain ancient buildings. But no controversy of a sectarian character arose out of it. Mr. Fergusson continued till his death a member of the Committee. In Jerusalem the walls of the Upper City; the so-called tomb of Nicodemus, which has sometimes been proposed as the site of the burial of David and Solomon and their more famous successors; the great tunnel down to the pool of Siloam, with its inscription referring to Hezekiah; the wall of Ophel; the rocky scarp of the tower of Baris; the grotto which was Herod's quarry, and probably Solomon's; the rock-cut monuments in the Kedron valley; the Temple walls, portions of which are of the greatest antiquity; the aqueduct of Pontius Pilate, and many subterranean passages and chambers, are among the discoveries and explorations in Jerusalem alone. Then the great work of completing the Survey of Western Palestine has been accomplished—the most important work on the Holy

* *Twenty-one Years' Work in the Holy Land.* Published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

Land that has yet been given to the world, and the most important contribution to the illustration of the Bible since its translation into the vulgar tongue. The Survey includes lists of no fewer than ten thousand names, collected during the progress of the work, transliterated and translated by Captain Conder and the lamented Professor Palmer. Appended is the Great Map, in twenty-six sheets, and other smaller maps, plans, and drawings—a colossal piece of work, which must ever reflect credit on the country in which it has been carried out by the enterprise of a private Society. The cost has, of course, been large, amounting in all to nearly 11,000*l.*, of which a considerable part has been repaid by subscriptions and sales. In addition to these great undertakings, Professor Hull's Geological Memoir has been published; and the survey of Palestine east of the Jordan is now being proceeded with, and will, so far as it is completed, be shortly issued with the other maps. Besides these great enterprises, an examination of the desert of the Exodus was undertaken in 1870 by Professor Palmer and Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake, both now unhappily deceased. They travelled in Syrian dress, unattended by servants, and depending entirely on their intimate knowledge of the language and customs of the natives. In this journey on foot they discovered numerous pre-historic monuments similar to those found in Sinai, ruined towns of unknown age and ancient altars of Baal, as well as many hitherto unknown or but half-identified sites, including Hagar's Well, Sebata, the Wells of Rehoboth and those of Beersheba, and the ruins of Debir and the cities of the Horites, the Cherethites, and the Kenites, to name only a few of the results of the expedition. It is impossible to state here even a tithe of the interesting matter of this kind which is contained in the little volume before us. It is many years since a book so interesting to all Christian readers has been published. All who are interested in the history of the Holy Land cannot be subscribers to the Exploration Fund; but this book, issued by the managers of the Fund, and signed at the end of the preface with the initials of Mr. Walter Besant, the secretary, whose inimitable style may in fact be recognized on every page, shows that the Society desires to bring the information it has gathered within the reach of a wider circle, and, by directing attention systematically to the work which so far has been completed, to save time, trouble, and expense to those who wish to consult any one part of the publications by itself. There is also an exhaustive account of the principal books written by subscribers to the Fund and by members of various exploring and surveying parties; and, what will be found of the highest interest, a list of questions still remaining unanswered in a chapter headed "The Work of the Future."

Reverting to the little exhibition at South Kensington, and visiting it as a kind of test with this little volume in our hands, we may note, as the only fault we have to find, that there is no index, and that the Table of Contents is very inadequate. Passing this by, however, and turning to a chapter headed "The Monuments of the Country," we find a list of the principal objects exhibited. Among them is a cast of the Moabite Stone, the full history of which is detailed, including the strange blanderings and jealousies of German and French rivals which led to its partial destruction. The famous "Stone of the Temple" bears an inscription which is described as the most interesting and most ancient in Greek letters found in Jerusalem, and appears to be that mentioned by Josephus as warning strangers not to go further into the sacred precincts. Much older still is the inscription in the pool of Siloam of the time of Hezekiah, represented here, like that from the Temple, by a cast. The head of Hadrian's statue is represented in a woodcut. This was the figure which the Emperor erected in the Holy of Holies, causing the last desperate revolt of the Jews under Bar Cochbas, a revolt about which little but its disastrous result is known in history. Passing by the Hamath Hittite inscriptions, the stones covered with hieroglyphics not Egyptian, the Gezer inscriptions, the pottery of all periods, the curious earthenware chests or coffins, and many other things, we must just call attention to the description, with a woodcut, of the great Sassanian building at Amman on the east of Jordan, which has generally hitherto been considered Byzantine. At the end of the volume are two appendices. The first contains a complete chronological summary of the twenty-one years' work, from the foundation of the fund, and the organization of the first expedition—that of Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson of the Royal Engineers—down to the journey of Mr. Guy le Strange in Eastern Palestine last year. The second appendix contains one hundred and thirty-two names of places identified by means of the Survey. Before concluding our notice of a very pleasant and useful book, we may offer a specimen of the kind of information it contains in abundance, and of the clear style in which it is written:—

The romantic adventures of David during the time of his exile and wanderings have received much important illustration from the results of the survey. . . . The capital of the Cherethites (1 Samuel xxx. 14) is known and the site of Nob is fairly fixed. Visiting the ruins of the "hold" of Adullam . . . the surveyors found a cave close to the ruins of the ancient town, a cave sufficiently large to have been the habitation of David while his band were garrisoning the hold or fortress. Not many miles away lies the broad corn vale where the shepherd boy slew the giant with one of the smooth pebbles which still fill the bed of the winter torrent flowing through the valley. The various hiding places to which the future King of Israel retired occur in consecutive order, each south of the other, each further from his native town, each in a country more wildly desolate, more difficult of access than that surrounding the preceding strongholds.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

"IS it a sign of aristocratic descent not being able to pronounce one's r's?" asks the beautiful heroine of "a Socialistic romance," and her young brother replies with brutal frankness, "It is a sign that a fellow is a conceited ass." Francis Grey, the fellow in question, is the scion of a noble race, "one of the oldest families in England," who honours his aristocratic descent by playing the part of a British artisan and deceiving a guileless young lady whose pretty head is turned by Socialistic fads. For his priggish conduct he undergoes a year of voluntary penance, and then inherits the fulness of most unmerited bliss by marrying the adorable charmer whose enthusiasm he had grossly profaned. Rose Caldicott, a country Squire's fascinating daughter, is possessed of a "hungry omnivorous mind" that is unappeased by the "dusty old tomes" of her father's library, when one day she falls upon some modern literature and is imbued with the principles of Christian Socialism. Henceforth the sight of a man in working clothes fills her with "respect akin to awe," and she yearns to be doing something to show her profound reverence for "the awful strength and dignity of the People." The propitious moment comes to her in the course of a delightful ramble through the country in the merry month of May, when kingcups and hawthorn blossom make odorous the very air which sustains the precocious dragonflies as they skim over the marshy hollow where the iris is just budding. She is bewitchingly attired in a figured frock of artistic make, her light footfall scarce bends the "haughty stem" of the meadow grass, &c., &c.—in fact, a most provoking creature. Just as she is crossing the sluggish water of a dismal ditch by way of a "crooked tree-trunk," she sees before her the awful figure of a British workman, evidently waiting to make the passage himself. This is Francis Grey, at that moment on his way to his rural lodgings, having ceased for the day from dabbling his sleek hands in the mysteries of a local iron-foundry. The dreadful thought that she is "wasting the precious time of one of England's producers" causes her to lose her balance, and fall into the water. The grimy but gallant Francis rushes to her aid, and produces a handkerchief, which he is "afraid" is not "vewy" clean, with which she wipes her pretty frock. Here was the ideal labouring man, the representative of the People's dignity and strength, and the happy Rose lost no time in taking him in hand. She soon learned that he worked from six to five at ten shillings a week in the Abbotstoke iron works, and she notes with satisfaction that he had the manners of Lord Chesterfield, "an oval face rather too thin," "grey-green eyes," and a "long and square forehead," which seems incompatible with the ovoid beauty of his face. But what especially conquered the susceptible Rose was the pathetic fact that this interesting youth had a widowed mother. She lent the "poor orphan" books, taught him geology, botany, and other useful knowledge, exercising her sympathetic soul on behalf of this shameless humbug, without any misgiving, and without a hint of disillusion from the object of her charity. She never suspects that the presents of the grateful Francis—the "Liberty silk handkerchiefs," the "books warm from the press," "the most delicious Paris bon-bons"—have any other source than the dingy shops of Abbotstoke. Even the defective r's of her protégé fail to arouse her suspicions. The seductive Francis has only to whistle her favourite air, the Toreador's song from *Carmen*, which he does whenever called upon, and in places where "one ought not to speak above a whisper," and the world is transfigured and Francis a deified British workman. When, therefore, Rose meets Francis and his widowed mother Lady Grey in her aunt's drawing-room in London, and sees her "boy-lover" in the dress of a "society young man," she can only exclaim "What does it all mean?" which, we suppose, is a prosaic rendering of "Are things what they seem, or is visions about?" At first she is mightily indignant, but speedily arrives at an understanding with her lover, by which she is not to meet him for a whole year, during which he undertakes to live the life of the horny-handed with ten shillings a week. Considering the supineness of her male relations, this was, perhaps, the best prescription that could be devised. Through an attack of fever, the penitent impostor is unable to fulfil his share of the compact; and the tender-hearted Rose visits him secretly, like an angel, with jellies and other delicacies; and all ends happily. In one respect Francis surpasses the promise of the title-page; in another it does not redeem it. It is not a Socialistic romance; but it is—notwithstanding its rather washy sketches of "how the other half live"—a sylvan and sunshiny idyl, with sufficient humour and fancy to merit a good-humoured toleration of its absurdities.

My Friend Jim is the work of an artist who possesses an efficient sense of the value of proportion in dealing with very slight materials. Mr. Norris does not crowd his canvas, his presentment of life is veracious and sober, his environment is clearly, often brilliantly, delineated, his characters are persuasively

* *Francis: a Socialistic Romance.* By M. Dal Vero. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

My Friend Jim. By W. E. Norris. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

Sarah de Berenger. By Jean Ingelow. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

The Tower on the Cliff. By Emma Marshall. London: Seeley & Co. 1886.

Twice Dead: a Metaphysical Romance. By J. C. Walters. London: Elliot Stock. 1886.

human and unheroic. With all these good points, *My Friend Jim* is an example of the disadvantages that attend the personal narration of a story by one of the actors. Harry Maynard, the narrator, a little overdoes his pragmatical part. It is necessary that he should intervene a good deal in the affairs of his friends, or the story would come to a standstill, yet on one occasion at least his intervention cannot be reconciled with the delicacy of a gentleman or the diplomacy of an astute barrister. He certainly does not shine in either capacity when he slips away from the dinner-table of his host, Lord Bracknell, into the drawing-room where he accuses Lady Bracknell of having plotted the murder of one of her guests in grossly frank language that amply justifies her remark, "It appears to me that you have been drinking too much wine, and I should be much obliged if you would go away for the present." This little incident is a blot on the excellent sobriety of the novel. The anomalous position of Maynard is, indeed, fraught with peril. Sometimes he is a principal actor, at other times he is a kind of chorus, or, again, we feel that he holds the destinies of his friends in his hands, and is the showman himself. As to the remaining characters, they are one and all acceptable sketches. The reader corrupted by "shilling dreadfuls" will think Jim's love affairs very unexciting, and Jim himself, though a lovable character, a sad stick on the whole. Hilda Turner, a large and lovely blonde with the constitution of a Batrachian, who jilts the unhappy Jim and becomes Lady Bracknell, is a capital study of the selfish schemer who knows the shoals of society and has enough skill and audacity to have checkmated the conceited Maynard. Lord Staines, too, is a well-drawn figure with plenty of individuality.

Sarah de Berenger requires for its perfect assimilation a cheerful and alert spirit with a generous measure of the locomotive disposition. Miss Ingelow's method is wholly opposed to that of Mr. Norris. We do not say it is the worse for being elaborate in the matter of development, and decidedly profuse in its style of narrative. Miss Ingelow is the last writer to echo the sentiment of Sir Joseph Porter, and is always very mindful of "the why and wherefore." At the same time, we may usefully point out how the author might have reasonably assisted readers of *Sarah de Berenger*, without any unfair concession to the curious or the lazy. A preliminary notice as to skipping—some such warning as "skippers will be punished"—would be opportune, while a handy plan of the genealogical tree of the De Berenger family would have proved invaluable. We are urged to this suggestion having barked back repeatedly in the course of conscientious reading in order to master the complex generations of the house of De Berenger. Despite this little defect, *Sarah de Berenger* is a story of deep and well-sustained interest, skilfully constructed, and ingeniously worked out to a pathetic close. A woman of higher education than birth, unhappily married to a good-looking scamp who is undergoing fourteen years of penal servitude, resolves to bring up her two young children in total ignorance of their father. She is a proud, sensitive, high-minded creature with an exalted sense of duty; and her husband, the convict, is not only a drunkard and a felon, but has deserted his wife for a creature as worthless as himself. By her heroic plan of self-renunciation she is debarred from seeking relief in the Divorce Court, and is content to endure a lifelong martyrdom, acting the part of nurse to her little girls, careful only of their welfare and happy ignorance. By great good chance she gives the children the name of De Berenger, which attracts the attention of some veritable De Berengers, some of whom insist on claiming relationship in spite of the nurse's denial. The unfortunate mother sees her children grow up in the family, suffers the most excruciating trials of her faith, and dies without relieving the pent-up agony of her life. It must be owned there is something incredible, almost monstrous, in the bare notion of this self-inflicted torture. The author's skill, however, in elucidating the moral and psychological forces that influence and sustain the woman makes her action not merely plausible, but even necessary. In what was at first her voluntary unaided sacrifice fate and circumstance become confederate allies. Whether the mother was justified in carrying her secret to the grave suggests a nice question for casuists.

There are few pleasanter forms of the short story than the effective treatment of localized legend. We do not know in what shape the raw material of *The Tower on the Cliff* presented itself to Mrs. Marshall; but her handling of this Gloucestershire legend of witchcraft and astrology makes us desire the like happy conservation of the abundant provincial lore that lies buried in uncouth form in county histories and annals. The flavour of romance that distinguishes the mere telling of this story is the ethereal product of the author's alembic. The old dead time lives once more in her pages. The stately Bristol merchant who practises alchemy, the mysterious Elizabeth Hotham, the beautiful Mistress Jasmine Penrose, and the rest of the antiquated and gallant company who figure in this curious and lamentable history are breathing entities in the vivid resuscitation of the past. The dénouement somewhat disappoints the tragic expectations raised at the outset; but the author cannot be held responsible for this.

Twice Dead deals with a metaphysical problem that is full of fascination. Of course one may die daily in an altruistic sense; but the question that has exercised Mr. Walters is, Can a man die twice? It appears that he may, though his second and final death is but a poor adumbration of the terrible circumstances of the first. *Twice Dead* is, however, not the blood-curdling nightmare which the metaphysical idea promises. The horrible partakes

too much of the revolting; it lacks the weird and intangible omnipresence of the supernatural, and convinces not at all of the sincerity of its revelation. With the example of Poe before us, we cannot give it more praise than that we read it with interest, but without a shudder.

SHIPBUILDING.*

THE progress of shipbuilding in this country is recorded in a manner worthy of so great an industry. There is no more splendid volume of Transactions than that which the Institution of Naval Architects issues yearly; and, though it is perhaps to be regretted that it appears so long after the reading of the papers and the discussions which it contains, the evil is possibly unavoidable, as a considerable time may be necessary for the editing of so much matter with such varied and elaborate illustrations. The value of the volumes of course varies considerably, as must of necessity be the case when there is a forced publication every twelve months, since a distinct step cannot, even with all the pains and labour applied, be made each year in the most tentative of sciences; and, in the absence of anything practical and definite to record, members of the Institution, not a few of whom are highly imaginative mathematicians, are apt to become unduly speculative, to take their pleasure in hazy disquisitions, and to show a strange but fervent belief, not altogether confined to them unfortunately, that any train of reasoning or attempted reasoning which can once be put in the form of symbols must be valuable and lead to noteworthy results, irrespective of such unconsidered trifles as facts to argue from. There is something almost child-like and touching in the faith thus shown; but a volume of scientific Transactions hardly seems a proper place for the exhibition of it, even when the results are clothed in mathematical garb, and it is a matter for thankfulness when the pundits of naval architecture condescend to quit vague hypothesis, whereby in truth they have achieved but very little, and deal with practical fact, which they treat with the ease and certainty that belongs to those who are masters in their craft. Fortunately at their last meeting they were practical in the extreme, and the result is that their twenty-seventh volume is extremely valuable, some of the papers indeed being of exceptional weight. To notice even shortly the more important of them would be impossible—at all events in one article—but to two of them special attention should certainly be drawn, as they both deal with matters which are of interest not only to those connected with shipbuilding, but also to all who care to inquire about the defences and commerce of the country, while one of them incidentally throws light in rather a peculiar way on the inner workings of the Admiralty.

The first of these papers, which contains this quaint revelation, is by Mr. W. H. White, who, after retiring for awhile from the Admiralty, returned to become Chief of the Constructive Department, and relates to the recent speed-trials of war-ships. As need hardly be said, the writer has something satisfactory to state; but this is only as it should be. We hear all the evil about our ships; it is just as well that, from an undeniable authority, we should hear the good also. Mr. White's paper, as was to be expected, is very clearly and very forcibly written; and his simple plan, or rather what seems his simple plan, is to take that very successful vessel the *Warrior*, now more than twenty-five years old, and two other vessels which are aged for ironclads, and compare them with some recent ships. The comparison is a pleasing, not to say a surprising, one. For a long time apparently no important change was made; but some eight years ago, the department woke up, and it was determined to alter the type of battle-ships very considerably, the designers having come to the conclusion, rightly enough as the event proved, that, with a length of 325 feet, a steam performance equal in economy to that of the *Warrior* with 380 feet would be secured. The type thus decided on (with the aid of researches which apparently were entirely superfluous) was followed first in the *Colossus* and *Edinburgh*, and the constructors assuredly showed that they had the courage of their opinions by adopting it in six other vessels before any speed trials could be made to ascertain whether it answered their expectations. Needless to say that the reader of Mr. White's paper knows perfectly well, before he reaches the account of the result of the trials, that it will be a satisfactory one, just as the reader of the novel knows perfectly well all through that the hero will be successful, however grave the difficulties which surround him; but nevertheless the statement of what was attained when the ships were put to the practical test is interesting. It certainly was gratifying to those who designed them. We will take one vessel—the *Hove*—specially mentioned by Mr. White to show what the results were. She is 55 feet shorter than the *Warrior*, but has 10 feet more beam, and nearly 800 tons more displacement; but, notwithstanding her being both shorter and larger, she is driven with practically the same power as the *Warrior* up to the latter's maximum speed of 14.35 knots, her own maximum speed being 17 knots. Here certainly is a very marked advance in the use of steam-power, and her superiority can be shown in another and perhaps more striking manner. For each ton of weight of machinery in the *Warrior* there is 6 horsepower; in the *Hove*, 10; and the real proportion of horsepower to weight of driving machinery is higher, because the *Hove*

* Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects, 1885. London: Sotheran & Co.

has a large number of auxiliary engines for pumping and other purposes which do not exist in the *Warrior*. Her coal endurance, moreover, is nearly three times as great as that of the older vessel. Another instance will show the marked superiority of the later war-ship. The *Hercules*, an old ship, but younger than the *Warrior*, obtained a maximum speed of 14.7 with 8,500 indicated horse-power. The *Howe*, of 1,000 tons more displacement, can be driven at the same speed without developing more than 5,900 horse-power.

Now this is certainly satisfactory, as it shows that real progress has been made in the designing of big war-ships, in the face of the adverse criticism upon the Constructive Department. This improvement should not pass unnoticed; but it is to be observed that, in one case at least, the increased speed was not due entirely to better form, but partly to forced draught, which of late has so much attracted the attention of marine engineers. And respecting the forced draught Mr. White is obliged to tell a story revealing a little episode in the history of the Admiralty, which we commend to the notice of all who desire to know how that all-important department is paralysed by the subservience of its chiefs to the House of Commons, and by the ridiculous terror with which possible criticism on the ground of extravagance inspires First Lords on each side alternately. At the time when the English naval architects were seeking to improve their ships the French engineers were seeking to increase the power of their engines and were giving great attention to the forced draught, of which fact the English Admiralty were fully aware; but "after careful consideration," says Mr. White, "it was determined to hold in reserve for the new ships any gain in power and increase in speed obtainable with the forced draught or assisted combustion." The chief of the constructive staff is to be congratulated on his mastery over official English. This is a very pretty way of saying that our Admiralty determined, from economical motives, no doubt, to do nothing, while the French Admiralty was striving, and, as the event proved, striving successfully, to increase the engine-power of their ships. Now that the forced draught has proved so eminently successful, it can of course easily be argued that we have all the advantage of the French experiments; but precisely the same argument might be used about any improvement in naval warfare. A man-of-war is not like a yacht, the owner of which can take any improvement or not as he thinks fit. The essence of a man-of-war is that she should be up to date. The navy which is allowed to lag behind even by very little is in danger of being at a marked disadvantage unless a hostile Power bent on declaring war is considerate enough to wait until full arrangements have been made for meeting it on equal terms. In this case the French studied and, to a certain extent, perfected the forced draught in order to give the existing engines of their ships considerably increased power in case of need. The English Admiralty fell back on their favourite policy of a masterly inactivity, and it is evident that their inactivity might have had serious results; for, though the forced draught can be applied to the engines of our ships, it cannot be applied in a day. Mr. White's paper shows that with some of our greatest men-of-war new screws were necessary, and that the French very possibly gained a start which might have availed them much in case of war. The cogent and forcible remarks of Admiral Fremantle, who spoke in the debate that followed the reading of Mr. White's paper, showed how clearly the strongest naval officers of our day recognize the value of speed; but our rulers were willing to let the French gain for a time an increase of speed while they gave the matter their "careful consideration," ending in nothing particular. Now in the attempt they are making to increase the power of their artillery the French are taking a far bolder, and may be a far more important, step; but probably the great department which is always quarrelling with the Admiralty and always imitating it will follow the precedent laid down, and wait placidly while others are determining whether it is possible to load shells with an explosive more powerful than gunpowder, in the pacific hope, no doubt, that those who are seeking to solve the problem will be content with the peaceful triumph of a successful scientific experiment.

However, the shortcomings of the Admiralty and of their imitators in the Ordnance Department are nothing new, and it is only to be hoped that they may not some day have a most disastrous result; while it is something new to find that on one point at least the Whitehall officials can be successfully defended. Mr. White's paper shows that there has been no want of enterprise and of skill of the highest kind in designing our war-ships, and perhaps Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, who opened the discussion in his paper, was right in saying that the ships building in England at the present moment are faster than any of the same size building in foreign countries. In any case, Mr. White's contribution to the *Transactions* is a most valuable one, and fitly opens the twenty-seventh volume. The other paper to which we have alluded refers to the commercial navy, and records a great change in the construction of passenger and merchant vessels which has been brought about in a few years by the untiring energy and determination of some shipbuilders who, following a lead given rather nervously by the Admiralty constructors, have to a great extent metamorphosed the merchant navy by changing the material of which English ships are built, and have well-nigh convinced their brethren that, as wood yielded to iron, so iron must yield to steel. The progress recorded in this carefully compiled paper, which is by Mr. Martell, chief surveyor of Lloyd's, is indeed extraordinary and quite without a parallel. In the year 1878 seven steel ships, with a

total tonnage of 4,470 tons, were built, as against 435 iron ships, with a total tonnage of 517,692 tons. Last year the numbers were:—Steel ships, steam and sailing, 118; tonnage, 165,437; iron, 260; tonnage, 290,429; and it is very remarkable that in this, a year of depression, when expense had to be carefully considered, steel ships, long thought to be more expensive than iron ones, were more in demand absolutely, and far more in demand proportionally than they had been the year before, when there were 92 steel ships and 515 iron ones constructed, the total tonnages being 132,457 and 661,201 respectively. Nothing could show more decisively that the superiority of the new material is now fully recognized, and also that the difficulty of manufacturing it at a rate remunerative to the manufacturer and possible for the shipowner has been entirely overcome.

The nature of the superiority of mild steel over iron has often been explained, but never perhaps demonstrated in so thorough and practical a manner as in Mr. Martell's paper. In the first place, steel being stronger than iron, vessels made of it can be lighter than iron ones, and have, therefore, more carrying power. This, however, though pleasant for the shipowner, does not perhaps very greatly interest the general public. What should gratify them with a steel ship is that it is so much safer than an iron one, and this is undoubtedly shown by the really remarkable facts collected by Mr. Martell, which should be known to a wider circle of readers than those who usually study the publications of the Institution of Naval Architects. He points out that there are at present only seven known cases of total loss of steel ships, and then cites eight accidents survived by steel vessels which would probably have been fatal to iron ships. Some of these are very remarkable. In one case a steamer, steel-plated but with iron frames, went ashore; and, though the frames were broken by the blow, the plates were merely indented and little or no leakage resulted. In another, a vessel struck on a rock when going at full speed, but the Captain "omitted," as Mr. Martell graciously puts it, to enter the mishap in his log. No leakage resulted, and no notice was taken of the accident until, in consequence of a note in the engineer's log, the vessel was placed in dry dock to be examined, when it was found that she had received a bump which must have sunk an iron vessel. A third case mentioned is that of a vessel which got ashore and was beating on the ground for several days, but, though nearly all the bottom plates were indented, not one was apparently broken. In spite, then, of the terrible and mysterious accident to the *Oregon*, which occurred some time after Mr. Martell's paper was read, there can be no doubt that steel ships are safer than iron ones. After an accident a vessel may be, from the owner's point of view, in a bad plight. Repairs may be expensive, may almost equal in amount the total value of the ship, and questions of the utmost difficulty may arise with the insurers; but about these questions the outside world does not and need not greatly concern itself, thinking rightly enough that owners and insurers may very well be left to look after themselves. For it the all-important fact is that a steel ship swims where an iron ship sinks, and that life, to say nothing of property, being therefore safer on board one than on board the other, steel is infinitely preferable to iron as a material for vessels.

Besides Mr. Martell's paper, there is another on "the present aspect" of mild steel for shipbuilding, by Mr. Ward, who, with his partner, Mr. Denny, has done so much to extend the use of dephosphorized iron, as it is sometimes called. His paper is, as might be expected, a very valuable one, but is more detailed and technical than that which we have noticed. On other subjects of great importance there is much information in the present volume, which contains very practical essays on the closed stokehold and forced draught, and on another means of forced combustion; on an exquisitely ingenious instrument for recording strains at sea, on a mysterious method of propulsion by three screws, and also an eccentric but well-meant scheme by two enthusiasts for building that long-desired vessel, a steam lifeboat; but these papers, interesting as they are, must, as already indicated, be left unnoticed for the present, owing to want of space.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is not long since we noticed Professor Schaible's exhibition of the mutual influence of England and Germany on each other by his enumeration of the distinguished Germans who have resided in England, and we have now to chronicle the appearance of a somewhat similar work by Professor T. Süpfle (1), displaying, but not in the form of biographical notices, the intellectual influence of Germany upon France. This is notoriously much less than might have been expected in the case of nations in such close vicinity, and so admirably adapted to supplement the gifts and remedy the defects of each other. Professor Süpfle shows, indeed, that France's intellectual debt to Germany is more considerable than has been often thought; nevertheless it appears but small. The largest part of it is no doubt the effect which the leavening with Frankish blood must have produced upon the Celt, who without it would probably have shown himself as incapable of political unity as he was in the days of Caesar. Frankish continued to be spoken at least as late as 880, and in the middle age

(1) *Geschichte des deutschen Kultureinflusses auf Frankreich, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der literarischen Einwirkung.* Von Professor Dr. T. Süpfle. Bd. 1. Gotha: Thienemann, London: Nutt.

borrowing from German, especially of military terms, was very active. Few of these words, however, maintained a permanent place in the language; and Professor Süpfle admits that most of the Teutonic derivatives now existing in it are but little used. Among the exceptions are several words, such as *boulevard*, *calembour*, *etiquette*, *danse*, which, from their signification or physiognomy, one would have been ready to pronounce the most characteristically French. Some have passed through French into English, as *carouse* from *garous*. German has contributed its share to Parisian argot, though it taxes the philologist's acuteness to recognize *Grundbirne* in *croupire* or *Stiefel* in *chibes*. The direct influence of German authorship upon French literature has been small, at least until a period not attained in Professor Süpfle's first volume, which ends with Klopstock. Brant's "Ship of Fools" was popular in France; Luther greatly influenced French thought; but subsequently differences of religion, the inevitable adoption of French by the Germans themselves as the language of diplomacy and social intercourse with foreigners, and in particular the decay of Germany during and after the Thirty Years' War, reduced its influence on its great neighbour to a minimum. In 1750 Grimm, German by birth, French by residence and temperament, published his essay on German poetry in the *Mercur de France*, and in the same year a selection from Haller's poems was translated by Tscharnier, and attracted great attention. Gessner and Klopstock were next translated, and the former, whose prose idylls afforded an acceptable substitute for the epic elevation of which the French language was then incapable, may almost be said to have been naturalized. Yet when the most of every German influence has been made, the sum total remains inconsiderable; and the intellectual debt of France to Germany is but trifling compared with that which she owes to England.

The aid which philology can render to the solution of historical and ethnological problems is generally recognized. Dr. O. Schrader (2) shows that it may be equally available for recovering the details of primitive commerce and navigation. Few of the observations in his work may be strictly original, but he has combined them skilfully and effectively, and presented the solid gains of erudition in a highly entertaining form. It is, for instance, a fact of capital importance that all the words denoting the parts of a vessel used by Homer are genuine Greek, and not, as might have been suspected, derived from the Phœnician. It incontestably results that the Greeks possessed a marine before Phœnician merchants had ventured into the Archipelago. The Romans, on the other hand, borrowed most of their naval terms from the Greeks, a fact which suggests that their Etruscan neighbours had no navy of their own. The curious circumstance that anchors are unknown to Homer, at once proves that he was prior to Theognis, who mentions them, and indicates the small size and light build of the vessels of his day, while perhaps it further hints at a slowness of mechanical invention among the otherwise quick-witted Greeks. The fact that the Irish words for gold and silver are derived from the Latin demonstrates at one view the rudeness of the people, the antiquity of their settlement in the island, their severance from other nations, and the late period of their beautiful metal-work. The Assyrian derivation of the Greek word for tin shows that the metal originally came from the East, not from the Cassiterides. The one Parthian word preserved by Hesychius almost proves that this people was of Aryan, not Scythian, origin. It is curious to observe how various nations have been impressed by the properties of amber, one naming it after its resinous quality, another after its inflammability, another from its marine origin, a fourth from its property of attracting straws. Dr. Schrader seems puzzled by one of the Greek names for amber, *λυγκούριον*. We would venture to suggest that it originated from a confusion between amber and the fabulous gem supposed to be derived from the lynx. The first volume contains the general history of ancient commerce as illustrated by philology, and the special history of textile substances, especially silk; a second will be devoted to spices, precious stones, dye stuffs, and the general summing-up of the subject.

Herr Wilhelm Petersen (3) is a pleasant and sensible traveller, if not very serious or scientific. It is probable, however, that he would have told us more about Armenia if he had been better acquainted with the language, one of the most difficult in the world, and to the mastery of which even a residence of some duration seems to have contributed very little. To this we must ascribe the failure of an evidently intelligent observer to tell us anything of Etschmiazin, the centre of Armenian civilization, to which he paid a brief visit. His more prolonged stay at Artim is more fully described, and is fertile in amusing, if somewhat trivial, incidents. He sought perseveringly for insects, which he seldom found, though the richness of the Armenian flora seemed to promise success. Batoum, he says, is prosperous and progressive; Poti, on the other hand, is a poor place which will never repay the large sums expended upon its harbour.

Major Jähns has written an interesting, though not very well arranged, compendium of the conditions of military service throughout the history of the world (4), treating of the various methods

to which nations have had recourse to obtain the greatest military efficiency at the least expense. From the merely professional point of view the modern German system is unquestionably the best, as is proved by the fact that any great State adopting it compels her unwilling neighbours to follow her example. Whether it is compatible with national prosperity in the long run is not a point which the Major is obliged to consider. He makes a good case for it out of Machiavelli and Spinoza, Leibnitz and Fichte, and is copious and instructive on the rival systems of mercenary service, picked corps like the Janissaries, and voluntary enlistment.

Dr. H. Romundt (5) figuratively expresses his opinion that Kant completed the task of Socrates by declaring that he added a head and feet to the ethical creed which the son of Sophroniscus had left as a torso. The conceit derives some point from the fact that Socrates was actually a sculptor; but we are assured on good authority that he was a very bad one; nor is it clear that a German head on a Greek body would be becoming or harmonious. In any event the notion is fitter for a magazine article than for a volume in three hundred pages.

Herr F. Nietzsche's (6) contribution to ethical philosophy is much more entertaining than Dr. Romundt's, and expresses ideas much more ingenious and valuable than the latter's fancy about the torso of Virtue. It is not that Herr Nietzsche's ideas are usually sound; they are frequently outrageously paradoxical; but they are usually stimulating and suggestive, and even when apparently absurd often hold a grain of out-of-the-way truth. Paradoxes and half-truths are, at all events, better than platitudes, and Herr Nietzsche's remarks have the further merit of being frequently directly applicable to the circumstances of the day. He says, for instance, that the German inability to digest the Jews is no fault of the Jews, but of the Germans, but is a fact nevertheless. His own great fault is that, essaying a style of composition which requires the utmost condensation, he expresses aphorisms in paragraphs.

The new part of the *Deutscher Pitaval* (7) is devoted to the history of a murder, chiefly remarkable for the testimony borne against the perpetrator by his young son; and to the various assassinations committed by the German Anarchists, spiced with extracts from Most's incendiary journal, *Die Freiheit*. The compiler is rather too fond of irrefragable, but wholly superfluous, argument with Herr Most—"proving from Vattel exceedingly well such language is quite atrocious"—as if Most merited any other argument than the *argumentum baculinum*. It is satisfactory to find that the malefactors in these instances are not in general misguided enthusiasts, but criminals who have already been punished for infamous offences.

"Weimar's Golden Age" (8) is a collection of scraps to which but small literary value can be attached, though they may receive indulgence if regarded as a little souvenir of Goethe's birthday. They consist of letters from Goethe and his mother, accounts of Goethe's jubilee and similar demonstrations, and recollections of the Weimar theatre. The best thing in the book is the photograph of the bust of himself presented by Goethe to Frau von Stein after their estrangement, which proves that his attentions were not limited to sending her dishes from his table. Much more valuable is Professor Henkel's collection of Goethe's similes (9), alike from his poetry and his prose, grouped according to the object of comparison, and prefaced by an intelligent introduction. Their originality and their number evidence the strength and richness of Goethe's political faculty, and their accuracy illustrates the justness of his observation and prevalent good sense.

The composer Weber's letters to his wife (10) during his Vienna campaign with *Euryanthe* and his London campaign with *Oberon* do honour to his memory, and are well worth preserving as illustrative of interesting episodes in musical history, even though the substance has already been given in his biography. Being written to allay the apprehensions and gratify the curiosity of an anxious spouse, they are pardonably inexact in the general impression they seek to impart. The applause bestowed on *Euryanthe* was rather a tribute to the author of *Der Freischütz* than to the charms of the opera, and the fatigues and disagreeables of the visit to London were more severe than the composer was willing that his wife should know. What is unquestionably genuine, and exceedingly delightful, is their tone of warm cordial affection.

Karpelès's History of Jewish Literature (11) has reached the fifth part, which contains a clear and condensed account of the Talmud and Mishna, with an intermixture of choice sentences and picturesque anecdotes.

(5) *Die Vollendung des Sokrates. Immanuel Kant's Grundlegung zur Reform der Sittenlehre.* Von Dr. H. Romundt. Berlin: Stricker. London: Nutt.

(6) *Jenseits von Gut und Böse. Vorspiel einer Philosophie der Zukunft.* Von F. Nietzsche. Leipzig: Naumann. London: Nutt.

(7) *Deutscher Pitaval.* Herausgegeben von Hans Blum. Jahrg. 1., Hft. 2. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Weimar's Glanzzeit.* Von Frau Prof. Karl Koch. Minden: Bruns. London: Nutt.

(9) *Das Goethesche Gleichnis.* Von Prof. Hermann Henkel. Halle, Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Nutt.

(10) *Reise-Briefe von Carl Maria von Weber an seine Gattin Carolina.* Herausgegeben von seinem Enkel. Leipzig: Dün. London: Nutt.

(11) *Geschichte der Jüdischen Literatur.* Von Gustav Karpelès. Lief. 5. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Linguistisch-historische Forschungen zur Handelsgeschichte und Warenkunde.* Von Dr. O. Schrader. Th. 1. Jena: Costenoble. London: Nutt.

(3) *Aus Transkaukasien und Armenien: Reisebriefe.* Von W. Petersen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

(4) *Heeresverfassungen und Völkerleben. Eine Umschau.* Von Max Jähns. Berlin: Verein für deutsche Literatur.

"Hallwyl and Bubenberg" (12), by Hans Blum, is an historical romance of an old-fashioned type, respectably written, but in no wise stirring—a steady, level, mechanical piece of work. "Legends of Love" (13), by Amalia Crescenza, is as pretty and sentimental a bunch of tales as the appellations of book and author would lead one to anticipate.

Recent numbers of the *Rundschau* (14) contain articles connected with two centenaries. It is just a century since Frederick the Great closed his eyes at Potsdam, and the reminiscence has prompted a memorial essay by Professor R. Koser on those last days in which, struggling to perform his kingly duty to the last, the harsh imperious monarch appears in an unwontedly softened light. A similar anniversary in connexion with the publication of Herder's *Ideas on the History of Humanity* enables F. Ratzel to point out how largely the thoughts of that fruitful work have received confirmation and development by the progress of anthropological knowledge. A most interesting paper by E. Zitelmann relates the discovery of the great legal inscription recently found at Gortyna, with its curious blending of primitive and advanced conceptions, and its resemblances to ancient German law. L. Friedländer's recollections of Turgeneff afford ample proof of the clearheadedness, modesty, and good sense of one of the few Russians who have been philanthropists without ceasing to be patriots, and have reconciled patriotism with susceptibility to foreign ideas and justice to foreign claims and interests. Two forms of German Chauvinism are indirectly rebuked by other writers. Emil Hübnér pleads for the investigation and preservation of all Roman antiquities in Germany, notwithstanding Arminius. Otto Gildemeister shows that the protest against foreign words, commendable within due limits, is being carried to a length threatening to impoverish the language.

A MANUAL OF OIL PAINTING.*

THIS is one of the most interesting and, we venture to think, one of the most useful books of the sort that have ever appeared. Though dealing with art, it is absolutely free from pose or humbug. Mr. Collier has managed to preserve an attitude of perfect sincerity in recording the results of a large and practical experience of painting. Of course a certain oneness of aspect is inevitable in any really honest exposition of the views of a working artist. "It is a melancholy fact," says Mr. Collier, "that more nonsense can be talked about art than about any other subject; and writers of treatises on painting, from the great Leonardo downwards, have not been slow to avail themselves of this privilege. . . . I am aware that, having said this, it must seem the height of folly to add another to these treatises; but I have a firm conviction, in spite of all experience, that it is possible to apply ordinary common sense to these matters, and I mean to try to do so." This singleness of aim determines the character both of the usefulness and of the limitations of this book. In such matters as art public opinion seems to become healthy only by the intercorrective action of different sentiments. Extreme views fight it out amongst themselves, and like pebbles on a beach wear out each other's angular exaggerations. Mr. Collier's manual may be described as an antidote to Mr. Ruskin's eloquent but unpractical preachings, which in their day, however, acted as a stimulant to the flagging interest of the public. Whilst leaders and originators of thought should be thus whole-hearted and convinced even to fanaticism, it is the critic's part to remain calm and warn people against swallowing poisonous doses of what in small quantities may be excellent medicine. A wholesale application of the principle of common sense to art would exercise a depressingly sedative influence on creative energies. Mr. Collier himself is aware of this, and confines himself almost completely to the scientific and technical sides of art, to its grammar and syntax, in fact, without attempting either to define its ultimate and poetic function or to teach any man sentiment and imagination. Thus he avoids bombast, mystification, ambiguity, and those fruitful sources of dangerous vagueness, the similes and outbursts of eloquence which, taken literally or too earnestly, have often hampered artists and misled students. When he is not absolutely teaching the handicraft of painting, he is examining scientific theories of light and their bearing upon the nature of vision. In this way he steers clear of many of the stumbling-blocks to right understanding which generally crop up when plastic arts are taught by literature.

Mr. Collier's aim is to arm the student with the proper tools and leave him to find his own field of labour. "To whatever use he may mean to put his art eventually, the one thing that he has to learn as a student is how to represent faithfully any object that he has before him . . . once this power has been attained, the student stage is at an end—the workman has learnt his craft, he has become a painter." He thinks also that "without a certain power of depicting natural objects, the most poetic imaginings must fail to

produce their proper pictorial effect," and that "there is nothing so deadening to the imagination as to try to express it with inadequate means." Most of his advice is admirable in its clearness, simplicity, and good sense; but one or two of his rules, if too closely adhered to, might tend to unfit a painter to cope with the difficulties of imaginative art. Such is the suggestion that, "wherever it is possible, actual measurement should be used." People who rely on this mechanical means of obtaining accuracy must fail to acquire that appreciation of shapes which would enable them in the end to express form intuitively, modify it with knowledge, and reach it in those delicacies where no measurement would be of avail. These engineering processes are apt to prevent an artist from seeing his whole subject at once. They require perseverance rather than the insight and feeling of genius, and whilst they develop patience and ingenuity, they also encourage mental laziness and creative incompetency. Once accustomed to draw by this plan with a certain sense of power and sureness, few men will be disposed to begin afresh the education of their eyes, yet they will sadly miss the habit of working from impression and feeling if they are called upon to catch gestures and stamp fleeting actions on the canvas. Speaking of imaginative work, Mr. Collier himself says, "Of course, we must here abandon all idea of slavishly copying the model. If action is required, no model can possibly take up the right position for more than a very short space of time, if indeed it be possible to take it up at all." Since this is so, and "since custom is the Principall Magistrate of Man's life," and "late Learners cannot so well take the Plie," would it not be better to forego the quick, but questionable, success which comes from a dangerous habit in favour of a later but more thorough acquisition of power? Still more open to objection seems the plan of matching tints absolutely by holding up the pigments on a palette knife so that they are seen beside the colours of nature. Admittedly it can only be carried out in the case of steady permanent effects, and then only with a care which must occupy the whole attention. For landscape we should think it worse than useless; Mr. Collier himself admits that in sunlight it is impossible, and that even on a grey day "in matching tints with the palette-knife, the sky will generally be found so bright that no paint can quite render its luminous quality." Though it may be occasionally used with reticence by artists, why should students be encouraged to adopt a plan which must lead them to dispense with the truly artistic method of working from an impression of the totality of an effect? Of course no one can match sky, sun, and much else in nature; but the painter juggles with the unproducible tones so as to suggest the whole effect according to his own feelings. This personal element is one of the main interests of art, and to obtain it students should accustom themselves, not to match tints, but to determine them by their relations to the general tone, by their place in the whole scale of colour. We did not wish to lay an ungracious stress on these points; but they are all we can find to say against the teaching of Mr. Collier's book, and we are well aware that it is from no ignorance of the nature of art that he countenances such mechanical methods. The following quotation alone would prove as much:—"There is no difficulty in painting detail; the real difficulty lies in getting the general truth of tone and tint."

The second half of the book (on Theory) will be found especially interesting, as it shows scientific ground for the practice of many great artists. That part which treats of the adjustment of the retina to the particular degree of light given out by each separate part of the scene justifies the artistic use of key, of an impressional focus, of suppression of detail, and much else besides. Useful information on the permanency of pigments and mediums is afforded in an appendix, as well as throughout the work.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.*

SO far as theatrical literature is concerned, the honours of the season are all with Mr. Knight's reprint of *Roscius Anglicanus*, imperfect as it is. It was the earliest, and it remains the best. As compared, indeed, with such "books" as Mr. Molloy's *Famous Plays* and the *Famous First Representations* of Mr. Sutherland Edwards, it is only another case of Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. Mr. Molloy is an industrious and agreeable compiler, and his work is neither better nor worse than might have been expected. Mr. Edwards, going further afield for his material, and traversing a greater range of ground, leaves, it is true, a great deal to desire, but is anything but difficult to read. Both have laboured for the general public, and neither, it may be assumed, has laboured in vain.

Something has already been said in these columns (and elsewhere) of the epistle in which Mr. Molloy inscribes his *Famous Plays* to Mr. Irving; and in this place no more need be said of it than that it is the best written, as it is also the most ingenious and imaginative, page in the book. Most of that which follows is a trifle disappointing. The materials of the feast are old, old; and, though the kitchening is neat and dexterous, it is altogether lacking in inspiration. It is as though Mr. Molloy had exhausted

(12) *Hallwyl und Bubenberg. Erzählung aus den Freiheitskämpfen wider Karl den Kühnen.* Von Hans Blum. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Liebeslegenden.* Von Amalia Crescenza. Wien: Konegen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Jahrg. xlii. Hfte. 10, 11. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

* *A Manual of Oil Painting.* By the Hon. John Collier. London: Cassell & Co.

* *Famous Plays.* By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

* *Famous First Representations.* By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1886.

his genius in his epistle dedicatory, and determined to subsist on quotation and compilation for the rest of his volume. It must be owned, too, that he has taken the most liberal view imaginable of his commission, and that what he has to say of the famous plays which are ostensibly his theme is as nothing in comparison with the amount he feels called upon to set down about their authors. Thus, in discoursing of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, he relates, in twenty-eight good pages of print, the story of Sheridan's youth and early manhood, his marriage with Miss Linley, his duels with Matthews, his beginnings in literature, and all the rest of it; and dismisses the plays themselves, with the utmost brevity and despatch, in something less than half the space he has allotted to his introduction or *præludium*. In the same way, his account of *Love for Love* is contained in two or three pages, and is introduced by full thirty more of theatrical history and biography. The prefatory matter in this latter chapter is, it may be added, the most valuable in the book. Mr. Molloy says of it himself (he describes it, by the way, as "the paper prefixing (*sic*) this volume") that it "will be found to contain the first concise and exact account of the Restoration playhouses yet printed." That this should be so is matter of wonder and admiration, and very sensibly increases our regret that Mr. Knight's reprint of Downes was not a new edition, closely annotated and adequately introduced. This, however, is by the way. Returning to Mr. Molloy and his *Famous Plays*, it is but fair to record that he has read a great many useful books, gathered in and arranged a great deal of serviceable material, and selected a vast number of amusing and appropriate quotations. Among the plays of which he tells the story are Addison's *Cato*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Beggar's Opera*, and the *Irene* of a writer to whom he commonly refers as "the great lexicographer." His chapter on Lord Lytton's dramas is neatly arranged, and contains some useful information, but omits (oddly enough) all mention of Ingoldsby and Thackeray. More interesting than anything else is his notice of *Virginia* and *The Hunchback*. Most of his heroes have been "written to pieces"; they are the stock properties of theatrical gossip-mongers and historians, the common food of an age that deals, and has dealt, in *ana* with more freedom than good sense. The case of Sheridan Knowles is very much the reverse; and Mr. Molloy's account of him has, in consequence, an air and a savour of novelty which, however admirable his intention, he has failed to impart to his digressions concerning Dr. Goldsmith (say) and his friend "the lexicographer."

The title of Mr. Edwards' *Famous First Representations* gives promise of more than the book performs. In writing of such *premières* as those of *Hernani* and *Vortigern* and *Tannhäuser*, our author, it is true, sticks pretty closely to his text, and gives us a straightforward account of what took place on these momentous occasions. But no more than Mr. Molloy has he been able to refrain from wandering, and no more than Mr. Molloy can he contrive to exist without the help of padding. His first chapter is a proof of it. Herein he professes to treat of the first night of *The English Monsieur*; but after the first half-dozen lines he forgets both the *première* and the play, and proceeds to compile from a dozen different sources—Peter Cunningham, Pepys, M^{me}. de Sévigné, Basil Montague, and so forth—a dissertation, half biographical and half anecdotic, on the life and morals of Nell Gwynn. In his chapter on *Le Tartuffe* he does little more than translate the several *placets* which Molière addressed to the King; while that on *La Dame aux Camélias* contains no word of actors or production, and is mainly composed of a biography of Marie Duplessis, which would have been all the better if Mr. Edwards had read a certain article in a recent number of *Le Livre*, but which as it stands owes nothing to recent research and a very great deal (six pages out of twelve, in fact) to an old *feuilleton* of Théophile Gautier. It is, we should note, a common fault with him that he prefers translation to summary, and what may be called the renewal of his originals, and gives us, as in his *Hernani* and *Tannhäuser* chapters, far too much of Dumas and Thé^o and "M. Alfred Barbon" (the well-known author of *Victor Hugo et son Temps*) in the one case, of Berlioz and Joseph d'Ortigue and Prosper Mérimée in the other, and far too little of himself. Perhaps, however, it is a sufficient answer in Mr. Edwards' opinion that to make good translations from the French is considerably more difficult than to turn out any amount of original matter. The best parts of his work (which might, by the way, have been more carefully read for the press) are the articles on certain operatic first nights—as, for instance, *Robert le Diable* (concerning which Mr. Edwards has learned and reproduced a great deal from the *Bourgeois de Paris*), *Der Freyschütz*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Il Don Giovanni*. It must be said of him, however, that, whether originating or translating, he writes with an agreeable facility that makes him easy reading, and that his book, with all its faults, is likely to be popular for a time.

BIRDS ON THE BRITISH LIST.*

MR. SMART tells us in his preface that "he has no right to do more than express a desire for information, having but little experience, and being far removed not only from persons

who do understand these matters, but also from any library to which he could have resort to save himself from errors on a complicated subject, except when during a short holiday he has been able to spend a few hours in the British Museum or the University Library (Cambridge)." This is almost the only passage in his book of which we can record our unqualified approval; had he before he published his notes submitted them to any person who does "understand these matters" he would have been told that a mere desire for information is an insufficient qualification for authorship, and that his very title-page was erroneous. There is not, to our knowledge, any "British Ornithological Union." We know of the British Ornithologists Union, and to this it is that he probably refers; while "the difficulty as to what Birds should be upon the British List, consisting in the authenticity or non-authenticity of their occurrence in these islands" (the italics are his own) is a difficulty fully recognized by probably every author who has written upon this "complicated subject." It is acknowledged by Mr. Newton, in his preface to the recent edition of Yarrell's *British Birds*, and again by Mr. Seebohm, both of whom give sufficient reason for including in their descriptions birds which have, however rarely, been observed. To go over the ground again is only killing the slain, and except that Mr. Smart has afforded us extracts more or less incorrect from the pages of these distinguished ornithologists, and has enlivened his book by curious and unexpected perversions of English composition, we do not know for what we ought to be grateful. He has expressed a desire for "information"; it may therefore interest him to learn that of the "promised (*sic*) splendid work from able naturalists to which Lord Lilford's name is appended," the second part was issued some time ago, and that the third part may shortly be expected; that Sir Charles Lyell, who "now (*sic*) holds views," was buried eleven years since in Westminster Abbey, and that a sentence like the following (the italics again are Mr. Smart's)—"It certainly is a beautiful feature in the history of eggs the variety of surface"—might possibly have been amended.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE shall probably before long deal at length with *Le monde où l'on triche* (1), or at least with its subject; and therefore for the present we need do little more than chronicle it as an elaborate History of Modern Greece, the capital of which country is, it is hardly necessary to say, Paris, and its staple industry baccarat. Yet there are other towns in a country besides the capital, and other industries besides the staple, and so the business of the historian is manifold.

We are not quite sure whether Gozlan's two volumes of Balzac reminiscences, *Balzac en Pontonfles* and *Balzac chez lui* (2), have ever been published together before. M. Jules Claretie seems to say that they have not. They are, however, among the main sources for the anecdotic history of the novelist's life. Whether their author, reversing what Lamb injuriously said of Scotchmen, did not "bring" almost as much as, if not more than, he "found," may perhaps be doubted. Gozlan's talent is quite unquestionable; indeed, it is only surprising that he just failed to make a permanent mark in literature. But he was—1, a man of letters; 2, a Frenchman of letters; 3, a Provençal Frenchman of letters; and in virtue of these qualities he was very unlikely to fail to provide with cocked-hats and swords any anecdotes which presented themselves in undress. Still, Balzac's well-known and abundantly established peculiarities quite justify what is here reported of him; and it is to Gozlan's credit, as well as to Balzac's, that his "Balzac in slippers" is not likely to produce the effect of Mr. Froude's "Carlyle in his Growler" even upon susceptible minds. The story, for instance, of the tartseller and the copy of Fenimore Cooper shows the author of *Eugénie Grandet* at his best both for presence of mind, for gallantry, and for good taste.

M. Octave Feuillet *filz*, as M. Henri Rabusson might be called if it were not that actual literary fathers and sons are not remarkable for similarity, might have been reading *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* when he thought of the title of *Le stage d'Adhémar* (3) (not that Adhémar is the French for Richard, but that "stage" is pretty exactly "ordeal," unless any one prefers "probation"). Nor is there lacking a certain resemblance in subject as well as title. Adhémar's "stage" is passed, of course, wholly before marriage. Two different ladies of irreproachable position and of virtue open to a good deal of reproach, put him through its earlier part; its later and hotter trials are effected by two damsels of the usual "adorable candour" (though considerably more *démônistes* than the adorably candid virgin used to be) and a false friend. M. Rabusson's writing is never to be spoken of without a certain respect; but he seems unable to shake himself free from the besetting sins of his model, and he has never yet developed that model's strongest points. However, Adhémar de Busigny is a gentleman and almost a moral man. For we take it that a French hero "who does not like to think of the husbands" is, in his own school of ethics, next door to virtuous.

* *Birds on the British List: their Title to Enrolment considered especially with reference to the British Ornithological Union; with a few remarks upon Evolution, &c.* By the Rev. Gregory Smart, M.A. Porter: Tenterden Street. 1886.

(1) *Le monde où l'on triche*. Par Hogier-Grison. Paris: Librairie Illustrée.

(2) *Balzac intime*. Par Léon Gozlan. Paris: Librairie Illustrée.

(3) *Le stage d'Adhémar*. Par H. Rabusson. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

Signor de Amicis (4) is too good a writer for his work even in another language not to be readable; but we do not know that tales, and especially military tales, are his forte. In reading those dealing with active service, one thinks rather regretfully of the "Prise de la redoute" and of "L'attaque du moulin." The others are better; as good examples of comedy and sentiment respectively we may mention "Une ordonnance originale" (a kind of Sardinian Handy Andy) and "Une médaille."

There was something in Mr. Verly's *Contes flamands* which might have made one think him not a friend to the *bon vieux temps* and its folk. His present volume (5), however, is not that of an enemy to aristocracy, and in the last tale, at any rate—"Pardailan"—aristocracy figures under its best light. The old marquis who courteously entertains the Germans, ransoms the neighbouring town with 20,000*l.* of savings which he had destined for rebuilding his castle, and, after the peace, journeys placidly to Berlin to cross swords, not bloodlessly, with an invader who had been rude to him, is a famous marquis. Note that M. Verly has the good sense and taste, while giving the *beau rôle* to his Frenchman, to make the brutal German an exception, not the rule.

When M. Ch. Monselet describes a book as rare, nobody else need be ashamed of owning that he has not read it. *Mon oncle Benjamin* (6), the chief work of a pamphleteer of the Nivernais, who was born in 1801, and died about forty years ago, was, we confess, new to us. It deserves its editor's praises as a book redolent of the country, written with audacity and verve, but perfectly healthy, in the still uncorrupted tongue of Louis Philippe's reign. There is a little, but only a very little, touch of the rather Philistine Voltairianism of the time, together with a little coarseness and extravagance, and an unnecessarily and unsuitably tragic ending; but, on the whole, the book is singularly wholesome and genial. M. Monselet has not paid it too great a compliment in comparing it to the better parts of Diderot's *Jacques le Fataliste*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AN Introduction to the Gothic of Ulfilas (Taylor & Francis) will, it is to be hoped, pass into the hands of students of Anglo-Saxon, and not alone meet the approbation of the scanty band of Gothic scholars. The increasing number of those who are engaged in the scientific study of Early English will find Mr. Douse's work a very valuable aid. It provides a much-needed stimulus to the study of Gothic, and is an important contribution to philological literature. In the first place, nothing could form a keener incentive than the admirable preliminary chapter on the position of Gothic in the Indo-European system. The sections devoted to Phonology and Syntax are excellent in method and clearness, while equal care and fulness are displayed in the chapters on Derivation, Composition, and Inflection. As a sample of what may be effected with vocabulary and syntax, Mr. Douse gives a translation into Gothic of several passages from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which is an interesting demonstration of the resources of Gothic.

The Rev. W. B. Galloway is the author of a pamphlet entitled *The Chalk and Flint Formation* (Sampson Low & Co.), in which the meteoric origin of chalk and flint is supported with considerable force and confidence. This theory presents no difficulties to any one who believes that "every substance now upon the globe must have come to it from exterior space." Mr. Galloway's argument covers a large field of speculation, and is conducted on orthodox lines. He first objects to theories commonly received; then he produces evidence that causes him to reject those theories, and concludes with the development of his hypothesis. Like a good demonstrator, he gives photographs of certain flint forms, such as decayed tree-roots with adherent fungus and the like, which clearly exhibit no vestige of marine origin. This evidence is further supported by a microscopic examination of chalk particles taken from the interior of a flint which were found destitute of any trace of shells. The conclusion from these and other facts is that the chalk and flint formation "is not of marine origin nor of land origin, but from a source equally available to land and sea, and therefore meteoric." Mr. Galloway's theory of extraneous origin, which is admitted to be somewhat startling, is certainly congenial to the imaginative geologist, and the author has not hesitated to suggest some terrible pictures of the more sublime phenomena that accompanied the deposition of chalk and flint in the meteoric storm. Nor does he restrict this awful visitation to prehistoric times. The "fire that ran along the ground" in Egypt, and the "hailstones and coals of fire" in the days of Joshua, were possibly, he conceives, historic examples of the molten meteoric rain and incandescent hail of arrowy flints. By this it may be seen Mr. Galloway has the courage of his convictions, and his very interesting pamphlet is not likely to disappoint those who love adventurous flights into the speculative void.

(4) *Scènes de la vie militaire.* Par E. de Amicis. Paris: Librairie Illustrée.

(5) *Les gens de la Vieille Roche.* Par H. Verly. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Mon oncle Benjamin.* Par Claude Tillier. Paris: Librairie Illustrée.

Mr. H. M. Hyndman's depressing views on Indian administration are poured forth with a good deal of persistency and not a little iteration in *The Bankruptcy of India* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) The book includes three reprints from the *Nineteenth Century*, an introduction that deals with the condition of India previous to the administration of the Crown, a chapter entitled "Continued Neglect," written to date, and chiefly statistical, with a final chapter on the Silver Question. The additional matter is undoubtedly advantageous to the original substance of Mr. Hyndman's indictment of Indian finance which forms the nucleus of the volume.

Mr. Waite's *Israfel* (E. W. Allen) is a volume of mystical rhapsody and trance-like visions, mingled with some cold fits of disillusionizing bathos that considerably disconcert the sympathetic reader. Between the poetic quality of the author's prose and verse there is in general little choice. Much, however, must be conceded to a poet with a mission. The revelation of the angelic Israfel is Mr. Waite's mission. He was present at the making of Israfel by the angels; he sings of his human and spiritual manifestations with the illumination of a Rosicrucian in the sonorous and awe-inspiring jargon of the disciples of Hermes. He has likewise studied the books of the Hebrew Prophets and Kings, as may be noted in the following passage on the emblems of Israfel:—"The mountain of Israfel is the mystic Lebanon; the moon of Israfel is the torch or reed of Prometheus. The star of Israfel is a pantacle of great power; it has the single horn in the ascendant because the Soul rules." This, like much else in the book, is a vague jumble of occultism and mysticism, which is pretty, though we don't know what it means. The "Visions," which are in verse, and the "Letters," which are in prose, seem designed to set forth that Swedenborgian paradise where, as Mr. Swinburne says, "you could hear the hues and see the harmonies of heaven." Hence it is not surprising to read in one of Mr. Waite's shorter poems:—

I see the pale blue sky
Suffused with dreamy melody of larks.

One of the poet's beatific visions ends with an imposing climax that well represents the intenser glow of his imagination. He has passed the "Threshold of the Mysteries" and the "Temple of the Rose and Cross," and arrives at the "secret, sacred, inmost shrine":—

I see the sages and the seers old,
A thousand pontiffs and a thousand kings!
Shines Moses there, and Plato brightly shines;
And I see Hermes of the Burning Belt,
The "thrice great Hermes," stand with Enoch there.

Altogether, Mr. Waite's volume is an agreeable diversion from the placid paths of minor poetry.

Mr. Wood's *Handy Natural History* (Religious Tract Society) scarcely comports with its title in being a decidedly stout volume, and by no means so handy as the earliest form of Mr. Wood's writings on the subject. It is, however, an excellent book for the young, handsomely illustrated, and written in fluent and lucid style.

Mr. Lewin's *Prose Works of Swift* (Walter Scott) is a discriminating volume of selections recently added to the "Camelot Classics." The editor delivers himself of some surprising observations on Swift's mental qualities and literary characteristics; but these will probably not exercise readers who seek to know Swift through "Selections."

Heroes of Industry (Sampson Low & Co.) comprises a number of biographical sketches of successful contemporaries who "have not stifled the still small voice of conscience amid the cares and duties of a busy life." Such books might be indefinitely multiplied without producing any desirable results. The present volume may possibly be useful in stimulating in the young reader a wholesome respect for industry and perseverance.

A series of dialogues entitled *The Family Council* (Nisbet & Co.) literally overbrims with good advice on the training of children and the whole scope of home government. Mr. Edward Garrett, the author, has just stopped short of writing a story in these didactic sketches of the fortunes of a respectable but rather unfortunate family. The book abounds in the unanswerable platitudes which so many people imagine can never be too frequently illustrated.

We have received new editions of *Advance Australia!* (W. H. Allen & Co.); *Just One Tale More* (Skeffington & Son); *Confidence*, by Henry James (Macmillan & Co.); and *Stray Rhymes*, by Duncan Hepburn (W. H. Allen & Co.)

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